

THE ACADEMY

A JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, ART, FINANCE & POLITICS

No. 2197

[Registered as a
Newspaper.]

JUNE 13, 1914

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magasin rate of postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

WHILST we are wondering why the seditious organisations of female furies are not forthwith suppressed, and all tangible assets sequestered, we are sorry to observe that the *Times* and the *Sunday Times* write in favour of letting militant suffragettes die if they refuse to partake of necessary nutriment in prison. Until these monomaniacs take human life, which they are quite certain to do shortly, the death-penalty is excessive. In last week's issue we reiterated the right punishments to inflict—namely, the use of the birch rod, or, in the alternative, commitment to a lunatic asylum. We cannot repeat the argument, which was admitted to be conclusive, in our issue of May in last year—namely, that a great number of these unwomanly women are abnormal. Of course, it is well known that the average woman's brain—hardly ever well balanced—is easily deranged. No doubt there are a large number of women who by brooding on the subject of their inequality with man—which is, of course, a fact of nature—have, in effect, contracted a disease which puts them outside the pale of ordinary civilised society. Stringent methods such as we have suggested would restore them to sanity. So much for those who are senseless enthusiasts in a cause which is not really worth fighting for. Now for the paid agents of these superfluous women. They certainly should

be dealt with as ordinary criminals. It is a world-fact, unhappily, that women of a certain type will do anything for money; these paid agents are of that type—a much more guilty type than many others—because they commit acts which should be abhorrent to their sex, and which are entirely devoid of excuse without the spur of dire necessity. The subject is not a pleasant one to dwell upon, and our remarks in last and in this week's issue of this journal will probably indicate that in our view exemplary measures, stopping short of capital punishment, should forthwith be adopted to put a term to an intolerable scandal.

Admiral Sir Percy Scott has fired his biggest gun, and in one shot, if we might believe some of the commentators, has disposed of the world's Dreadnoughts. The submarine and the seaplane between them have put the navies of all nations out of action! If Sir Percy Scott were right, then we should have no alternative but to conclude that the latest Dreadnought is as out-of-date as the old *Victory*. With a fleet of submarines and another of seaplanes to serve as scouts, Sir Percy is prepared to close the North Sea and the Mediterranean to any fleet of battleships. "The Navy will be entirely changed: naval officers will no longer live on the sea, but either above it or under it." Perhaps he has only put his message into a form so extreme in order to bring home to the country that the building of submarines and seaplanes is a vital necessity. Sir Percy Scott, it is as well to mention for the information of the uninitiated, is not a man of education, although he has in his time rendered yeoman service in insisting on the paramount importance of gunnery, a branch of naval efficiency which he made his own. A most unpopular officer when on active service, he now seeks in retirement to impose his crude and ill-digested views on those who are responsible for the actual national safety. There is a modicum of truth in the views which he has put forward, which educated and responsible Sea Lords will be able to appraise at its true value—a discount of about fifty per cent. being easily allowable.

In an article in THE ACADEMY of May 2 on The Ulster Man, we repeated the words used to us by a well-known Belfast man to the effect that, if all else failed, the women of Ulster would come out and fight for freedom. The remark has been a good deal quoted in Ireland, and has no doubt helped to draw attention to the fine spirit which the Ulster woman has shown in this crisis of her country's fortunes. How different it all is from the excesses of the mad women who want the vote on this side of St. George's Channel! If the men of Ulster are splendid, says the Belfast correspondent of the *Times*, the women are wonderful. The old mother and the young wife are equally determined to give up their men for the cause. And if the worst comes, and the Government force Ulster to strike for loyalty and freedom, the women are ready to do their part. The Red Cross organisation is as complete as that of the Volunteers themselves.

Australians in London are showing a very lively interest in the little constitutional crisis at the Antipodes which is the outcome of party necessities. Sir Ronald Munro-Ferguson, only recently arrived in Australia as Governor-General, has had to assume a responsibility which few Governors of longer standing would care to face. The situation is simplicity itself. Mr. Cook's Liberal Government has a majority of one in the House of Representatives: the Labour Party have a majority in the Senate. The Commonwealth Constitution provides that, if a measure be passed twice by the Lower House and twice rejected by the Upper, with a three months' interval between the two events, the Governor may dissolve both Houses. The Liberal Government having twice passed a measure prohibiting preference to trade unions, and the Labour majority in the Senate having twice rejected it, the Governor has been induced to exercise his constitutional powers. The trial of strength between parties in the constituencies will be also a trial for him. Whether the Labour Party win or lose, we would not give much for his future comfort in this working man's paradise. By allowing the Government to go to the country, he has done the right thing, but that does not please the Labour men.

The precious secret of the anti-golf crusade, which has burst upon an astonished nation within the past week or two, is out. It is the protest of those who think that directly the cricket and tennis season begins no other game should be mentioned! All this talk, therefore, about men's obsession by golf just means that the talkers are obsessed by either cricket or tennis. Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet outdoes all the controversialists by admitting his gratitude to golf, and at the same time telling the man who has the opportunity for enjoying an occasional day on the links that "golf is merely a pleasant recreation and inducement to indolent people to take exercise." Everybody apparently who does not play cricket or tennis is a poor specimen of humanity. Could anything be more preposterous? Douglas and Hobbs, if you will, are heroes, but Vardon and Braid are hardly degenerates, and to suggest that we are going to perdition by way of the tee and the putting green does not argue much mental strength, whatever the physical calibre behind it.

It is something new to have a protest, made in all earnestness, against the work of those societies which are banded together with the object of suppressing the smoke, and therefore most of the fog of London. A lover of beauty, who signs himself "The Lambeth Pedlar," says in the correspondence columns of a contemporary that the "native murk" of the city should be allowed to remain; that "the atmosphere of London creates, by its translucency and colours, a far greater variety of artistic effects than would be possible in clear air"; and pleads that, as he crosses one of the bridges twice a day, and finds the beauty of the evening skies inspiring, the efforts of the Smoke-Abaters

to purify our air should not be too thoughtlessly encouraged. To some extent we agree with him—London's sunsets are famous, and the river can be astonishingly beautiful and mysterious on a grey, foggy day. But not all of us can be so genuinely enthusiastic as to welcome impure air for the sake of an occasional glimpse of a veiled river or a dreamy sunset—and, after all is said and done, we fancy there will always be enough vapour over this huge city to provide this protesting pedlar with his evening dreams.

Little has been heard in recent years of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, but his death on Saturday last reminds us that he was one of those quiet, powerful influences for good in the world of letters which we are apt to overlook by reason of their unobtrusiveness. He was a true poet, if not an inspired one, although amid the riches of the "Golden Treasury," even in its second series, not one poem from his hand, not one of his exquisite sonnets, finds a place. He was also what many true poets are not—a fine critic of poetry. It is possible to disagree with him on various points, but there is no shadow of doubt that he possessed splendid gifts of analysis and expression—gifts which appear at their finest in his famous essay on poetry as an art in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, where classic forms, metrical questions, the relation of poetry to the other arts, the epic and lyric, and a score of kindred subsidiary themes are discussed with an astounding range of scholarly allusion and delightful gleams of vision; as, for example, when he gives "heartiness and melody" as the two requisites of a song which can never be dispensed with. Mr. Watts-Dunton willingly took second place to Swinburne, content to serve him in devoted friendship for thirty years; of what that association meant to the more famous poet we can have but a slight knowledge. His name will last, if only for the two reasons we have suggested—his critical work, and his love for his friend, for his one romance, "Aylwin," though it reached many editions, cannot be said to have brought him popularity.

Rondeau

(After the French of Charles d'Orleans, 1391-1465.)

TIME hath thrown downe the robe he bare
Of wind and cold and chillie raine,
And nowe with sunbeams cleare againe
In lordlie raiment doth he fare.
Each beast and bird doth nowe declare
Harsh-voiced or smoothe the tidings plaine:
Time hath thrown downe the robe he bare
Of wind and cold and chillie raine.
Nowe fountaines, streams, and brookes repair
Their sheeny floods that downward draine
With gold and silver in their traine.
All things new vesture nowe doe wear,—
Time hath thrown downe the robe he bare.

WILFRID THORLEY.

Cobwebs

BUSY life within, without,
Has no corner free for doubt.
Busy life without, within,
Has no loophole left for sin.
But when stress of living ebbs
Sin and doubt spin dusty webs,
Till a hanging shroud disguise
Even the blue of Paradise.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

The Future of Art

LOOKING upon contemporary conditions, one may be tempted at times to declare that there is no future for art or literature at all. Modern life seems to be a thirsty quicksand of realism enveloping greedily everything that is in any way ideal. Art—one includes all manifestations of art literary or plastic—can be shown to depend on social and economic conditions, and it is these as much as anything else which compel its rise or fall. Society now is so diffused that it is almost impossible to point to any one art-loving and art-fostering class. The desire for works of art, the wish to surround oneself with beautiful things and beautiful thoughts, grows naturally out of leisure. We have, of course, a large leisured class still, though it is probably dwindling, and its composition is quite different from that of the leisured class of fifty or sixty years ago. Its basis is plutocratic rather than aristocratic. Its taste is therefore gross rather than epicurean; its patronage lavish rather than well ordered.

Taste, of course, is a matter of education. When a man has nothing to do towards earning his living, when all the mechanical part of his life goes on with perfect smoothness, he naturally interests himself in lighter and more graceful things. He begins to suffer that delicate ennui of the spirit which is one of the reasons for the existence of art; for it is not until one has felt the tedium of life that one can appreciate its joy.

Imagine the strange conception of life that the prosperous manufacturer carries in his mind. He sees life as a piece of mechanism whose motive force he takes in some way or another for granted. He resolves the universe into a system of engines, belts, pulleys, and counting-houses. He is like a man listening, fascinated, to the roar of some monster machine, for whom the green world beyond the factory, the marriage of sunlight and leaves, the faint music of the birds, are as a painted shadow, far away and unreal. Our civilisation tends to the production of such types. As a nation we are still too young to have suffered all the illusions of flesh and spirit by which the type-man of a race must be purified. We are still shopkeepers enamoured of the delights of shopkeeping. Indeed, since the new education broke down the barriers between class and class, we are more shopkeepers than ever, for a new order of men, suddenly given the opportunity of education, has burst in its simple force upon us, emancipated only as to its most primitive desires.

We may notice another characteristic of the leisured classes of our day, the classes whom we should naturally expect to look to art to refresh their over-materialised spirits—the fact that they amuse themselves with mechanical things, with material rather than with spiritual toys. One speaks of art as a toy, of course, only in relation to the world of fashion, but it is true that the folk whose occupation in life is only how most interestingly to spend their money are satisfied with such mechanical diversions as gambling, motoring, flying, to the exclusion doubtless of a large share of the interest which might be given to art.

Another feature which menaces the growth of art centres and art productivity among us is the extraordinary way in which ideas become "news" nowadays. With extreme and terrifying thoroughness an art movement is turned inside out; it is dragged into a glaring publicity which at once destroys all its nuances, those nuances which are like the delicate buds on a tree, the promise of development. We see an example of this kind of thing in the Futurist movement, which takes its place in journalism along with the latest murder or football match. The papers make a fashion of it; it lives in such a glare of artificial light that it cannot possibly develop. It must die of its own success, killed by cynical applause; for the heart of modern life is a fatal one, corrupt, unbelieving, and insatiate. Faithless, it is always thirsting for faith, and those whom it welcomes among the idealists, among the men consecrated to art, it will kill through its monstrous hunger.

We can see, then, that art exercises its influence over a much wider circle than it ever has hitherto, in our history. It colours the scenes of our music-hall stage; it lives in the flaunting poster. Wherever it shows itself it is devoured by a greedy mob whose lives are empty of beauty and imagination. It has never had so splendid a sphere of influence, and consequently never have the demands on it been so insatiate. The whole state of things seems to be resolving into a struggle between the greediness of an awakening middle class whose belief in their twin deities of gold and brute force is weakening, and the determination and self-restraint of the artists who, by too easily accepting the homage of the crowd, will lose their capacity to create art at all. The forces of Philistinism and culture, of beauty and ugliness, are now deployed in a gigantic battle array where every manœuvre is plain to the world. Without beauty—a thing variously interpreted according to climate and race—a nation must perish, for it is spiritual sunlight, lacking whose beneficent rays the soul must wither and grow morbid.

Gloomy as the outlook apparently is, it may be that the future of art in England will be a glorious one. The nation is strong and vigorous, its fibre unimpaired, its romanticism deep and pure, its ideal sense almost boundless. We have but to pass from the stage where art is regarded as a luxury to the stage where it is considered as a necessity for all the splendid humanity of the race to respond to the call of a new ideal, the tocsin of a new renaissance of beauty.

Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

X.—MR. A. C. BENSON

SIR,—The most fatal gift that can be bestowed upon the scribe who aspires to serious literature is facility. To the journalist, the leader-writer, the descriptive reporter, a ready pen is an asset; at so much a line, it means the difference between straitened finances and comparative affluence. But a man of letters, to secure permanence, must produce with a certain sense of blood and tears. Your works are nicely proportioned, free from ugly blemishes, and of normal temperament; but they are chronically anæmic. There is a shortage of the red corpuscles essential to Nature's big efforts. In all your writings there is a dead level of mediocrity which breeds irritation in the mind that thinks. You should have entered this world two generations ago—in those placid Victorian days when people were satisfied with things as they were, when they accepted ready-made opinions as Holy Writ, and when the iconoclast was regarded as a criminal disturber of the peace. Your gifts would then have been appraised by their right appellation: "genteel" is a word which nowadays carries something of reproach with it, but in its earlier significance it perfectly expresses you. You are so very genteel in all you put on paper, and would have been an acquisition to the most exclusive houses in the unruffled years when the one-horse barouche represented the pace of mental progress. Where do you find your readers? My curiosity is usually checked by the inquiry as to whether I mean "the *Dodo* man." Probably you find your vogue in Suburbia.

You crystallise the thoughts of Clapham. You put into sound easy English the sentiments of Streatham. You solve the muddled philosophy of Surbiton. What you think to-day Cricklewood will think to-morrow. That must be it. I can visualise quite plainly the harassed mistress of The Laburnums, Montessor Avenue, Middle Tooting, returning from the kitchen after having delivered a bowdlerised version of her lord and master's views on charred bacon and coffee grounds, opening one of your uncountable volumes of essays and finding therein a concise analysis of all the emotions and misgivings that were weltering in her capacious bosom, together with the correct antidote to them. Or, again, I can picture thoughtful Mr. Septimus Spink, in the City lunch hour, adding to his indebtedness to you some precious contributions to his address at the Tuesday meeting of the Clapton Higher Thought Centre. This may not be the world you set out to conquer; still, it is a substantial one, and permanent in its ideals. It is the world in which Miss Marie Corelli reigns supreme; where Mr. Hall Caine is taken seriously; where Ruskin is still accepted as High Priest in all matters of Art; and where Matthew Arnold is the last word in philosophic culture. I take it, in short, that you have the average mind, plus an appreciable amount of scholarship and a ready pen. You interpret the obvious to obvious-minded people.

You share their sentiments, their perplexities, their little spiritual rebellions. And being able to probe these mental complexities, and to control them, at least on paper, you can expound them with a gravity forbidden to a keen sense of humour. For instance, how many lovely women of Suburbia must have derived comfort and support from your autobiographical dissection of fear! What had been nursed in secret as a somewhat shameful weakness would have become rational and intelligible when shared with and understood by you. The palpitations in a dark room, the groping under the bedstead with a broom handle, the agony of passing a herd of cows, these would be no longer emotions to be battled with in solitude, but psychic phenomena to be discussed in the light of your self-mastery of them.

And that reminds me of the most lasting impression your essays have left upon me. With a textual heading and a little more doctrinal infusion, they would have made admirable sermons for a parish church. And you, sir, would have made a popular vicar. You would never have felt the reproach of empty benches, Sunday or week-day service, morning or evening, as long as you could rely upon that easy flow of well-turned platitudes. Every nice-minded spinster within a four-mile radius would want to "sit under" you as you gave verbal expression to those sonorous periods in which you embody the philosophy of the copybook. Your method seems to need the firstly, fourthly, fifthly, and so on. As an illustration of your pulpit manner, I take haphazard a passage from "Thy Rod and Thy Staff," in which you speak of "the secret of Christ—it was not a thing to be apprehended historically, or doctrinally, or authoritatively; it is as though in a great palace, where one had resorted in awe and bewilderment, crowded with busy, stately, severe, preoccupied persons, the Lord of the place came suddenly forward with a smile and an outstretched hand." This is rather bathos in cold print, but would be quite effective delivered oratorically from the pulpit.

Your volumes of—shall I say?—*belles lettres* so outweigh your other works that it is by them you will be judged. Nevertheless, I must give you credit for some quite respectable biographies and monographs. These include Lives of Archbishop Laud and of your father. Then to the "English Men of Letters" Series you have contributed appreciations of Rossetti, Fitzgerald, and Pater. I do not know if any of the latter will forgive you in the next world, but personally I shall not account these volumes to you as misdemeanours. They will pass muster in a series of varying merits. Coming to your copious output of verse, it is more difficult to be tolerant. There is some justification for uninspired prose; none for uninspired poetry. I shall not turn back to your earlier effusions, but shall convict you on a quotation from your volume of "Poems," just published by Mr. John Lane. The lines to "The Barbel," you will remember, begin thus:—

Bearded Barbel, swimming deep
In the cool translucent gloom,
Poised in contemplated sleep,
In your liquid moving room.

Now, as "Fanny's first poem," this would be execrable. I would ask you, sir, for the sense of that last line. If you mean, as obviously you do, that the stream is the "liquid moving room," surely you should have realised that water is to a fish air, space, freedom, sun, moon, and stars, or what you will; that the sense of restriction implied by the metaphor would begin for the barbel on the bank where we mortals draw life and vigour. I cannot see any excuse for such doggerel—even the edification of Clapham.

Forgive me, sir, and believe me your most obedient
CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

Business Jargon and the American Language

IT is a hundred years since we were first called "a nation of shop-keepers," and the title does not suit us so well now as it did then. Americans who have lived in England for any length of time—for any time sufficient to give them some idea of the place which is held by games and athletics in the national life—have rechristened us "a nation of sportsmen"; and they feel that the title of "shop-keepers," in the twentieth century, belongs more rightly to them.

Any Englishman who has lived long in America will be disposed to agree with them. By comparison with the American, the Englishman is a poor businessman. By comparison with the Englishman, the American is a worse sportsman. Whether or not the British passion for games makes for national efficiency need not be discussed. Whether or not the American passion for business results in the development of a race of intellectual pygmies may be passed over. The point I come to is the inevitable and indelible impression which the ruling passion makes upon the speech of the two peoples.

In 1914 the American language is a very different tongue from our native English; and just as the spoken English of England has acquired, in the last twenty or thirty years, many new words and phrases which previously were confined to the paddock and the playing-field, so the spoken American of the Americans is now taking on a very pronounced commercial colour, until the common speech of the people, indeed, consists to a marked extent of business words and expressions. At the Savoy the supper-time conversation of the English girls carries with it the unmistakable breath of

the open country. You can almost catch a smell of the river-weed up the Thames, the suggestion of newly-turned turf at the point-to-point, and the tang of the Cowes sea-winds. At the tea-tables in the St. Regis, in New York, and the Copley Plaza in Boston, on the other hand, the breezy gossip of the American women is simply redolent of the broker's office, the curb market and the warehouse.

There is much less slang in America than in England, contrary to the usually accepted English view. But, assuming that there is abundant justification for the use of colloquial slang, American slang is good slang, and the English not so good. English slang, in a way, is the more picturesque, but it is unquestionably the more artificial. Individual words are coined with a bolder imagination and with a better eye for colour and artificial effect; but the slang of the American is the speech from the heart. The English use slang and know that they are using it. The Americans use slang and think they are using English—because their slang, to a great extent, is the language of their business; and the American, first, last, and always, is a business-man. It is therefore quite true to say that American slang, as we know it in England, is the language of America to a far greater extent than English slang, as it is known in America, is the language of England. In ten years' time I think that there will be very little English left in America. There will be nothing but slang—the commercial jargon of the office and the store.

There is no affectation whatever in the slang of the American business-man. His language is pithy, forceful, expressive and ugly. His coined words are self-explanatory and descriptive. His verb-clauses are often excellent specimens of what slang can really become. A trader may "stop in" at your office. He may make you all kinds of "fool" promises, but if he cannot "deliver the goods" he will never "win out." He may "hand you the straight dope," but if he cannot "make good," he simply cannot "get away with it." He may try to "put one over," or "slip one over"; but, if you give him a "show down" and he fails to "come across," you will quickly "get wise" to the fact that he is not "on the level," and you, of course, will not "stand for it." You will then proceed to "call him down" and "bawl him out," and you will not "let up" until you have "got his number." "Getting his number" means knowing all that there is to know about him; but if, instead of that, you "get his goat" you will rouse his anger, and he may "go up in the air." He will undoubtedly "get warm round the collar," and

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may even "hit the ceiling." If things cool down you will hold a "get-together" meeting, and "figure on" the cost of the "proposition." If it looks like resulting in "big business" and "big money" for the pair of you, you will "fall for it" and proceed to "get busy."

Now these words are simply a few typical examples. The American father uses them, and a hundred others like them, and brings them home with him. The family adopt them, and they pass into the regular speech of the people. There is no affectation about them; they are helping to build up a new American language. The slang of the English school-girl, on the other hand, is an artificial growth which can be exterminated in a week by the iron hand of the British matron. No iron hand could check the growth of the commercial language of America—a dialect utterly lacking in the imaginative, the beautiful, or even the picturesque—but a genuine folk-dialect. Americans should be proud of it. They are proud of being called a nation of business-men, and their speech is certainly the speech of a strong business people. It should not, however, be confused with English.

New York City.

DOUGLAS S. MARTIN.

In Balzac's Country

I. A SEARCH FOR THE HOUSE OF GRANDET.

BY R. A. J. WALLING.

HAVING worshipped at the shrine of Honoré de Balzac in Tours, we went on to Saumur. At Tours they had told us Saumur was not interesting, or not very. If we wanted to spend a few hours in Anjou, we might stop at Angers; but Saumur!—it was not worth while to get out of the train.

There was a sentimental reason why we insisted—a reason not easily explained to the haughty Touraniens. We dissembled. We pointed out that the guide-book did not agree with them. According to that, Saumur was an exceptionally lively and coquettish city—"fringante," "pimpante." They shrugged shoulders. They declared that the guide-book was issued by an Angevin Syndicat d'Initiative, which, like an advertisement committee for an English Spa, would say anything but its prayers. However, as we were determined, they gave us up for two mad English, and wished us *bon voyage* in a tone of no conviction. And so we found ourselves in due course walking across the amazing bridge which, resting on an island by the way, spans the broad, sandy reaches of the Loire. And in further course, sitting in a little garden by the river-side, looking at the richest architectural monument of a chequered history, the Town Hall raised by the City Fathers of Saumur in their proudest sixteenth century days.

Why had we come to Saumur? Our delicate, fugitive, sentimental reason seemed a fragile wisp of a thing now that we were here. For let the truth be told—there is little to distinguish Saumur from any

other castled town on the banks of the Loire. In its older parts, narrow, tortuous streets and old houses in all the stages of picturesque decay; towering above them, the ramparts of the castle. In its newer parts, broad, straight avenues, a theatre, cafés, and the usual assortment of growlers drawn by horses whose emaciation is only exceeded by their somnolence. Perhaps a few more soldiers than usual, splashing the landscape with colour; there is a Cavalry School at Saumur, but nothing especially distinctive.

We sat in the garden with the nursemaids and the soldiers, looking furtively at one another while we pretended to examine the guide-book and the plan of the streets. It really did not matter to us that the Romans, with their accustomed intelligence, realised the strategic importance of this bluff by the river, or that the Normans battered the gates of its Abbey, or that it had been du Guesclin's headquarters during the Hundred Years' War. We could not work up a thrill over the Protestant Temple which was there to remind us that theology had always been more progressive than street locomotion in Saumur. It was not any of this that had brought us; it was not even the relics of the great du Plessis. . . .

"Well," said I, at last, "shall we go and look for it?"

And she assented.

We sought it out, that "rue montueuse qui mène au château par le haut de la ville, . . ." that street remarkable for the cobble pavement, always clean and dry, the narrowness of its winding way, the quietude of its houses dominated by the ramparts; that street with little, dark shops with no windows and half-doorways, occupied by prosperous coopers; that street at the end of which was placed the house of Balzac's immortal miser; the street that nobody can ever forget who has read the first chapter of "Eugénie Grandet."

For some vague reason this seemed a devouter pilgrimage than the visit we had paid in Tours to Balzac's birthplace. There, everything was in plain daylight—the effigy, the inscription, patent, unmysterious, prosaic. Here, the secret was to seek, the vision to evoke.

Erring in the streets of even a small town like Saumur on a warm day is fatiguing. And the little iron tables on the pavement outside the corner café had little iron chairs beside them. She thought, with me, that it would be rather amusing to sit out in the street and drink a bock. It was afterwards confessed that the attraction consisted rather in the iron chair than in the pale and inconclusive nectar which the waiter brought in thick glasses standing upon saucers.

A *moue*. She thought the last person who drank from that glass was addicted to the garlic habit. The first sip was the only one. It might be true that a slight flavour of onions was indigenous to bock; the glass might be as innocent of offence as when it emerged from the factory; but—

"C'est le premier pas qui coûte, Madame," said the waiter, encouragingly, as he hovered over my hand searching for small silver.

She smiled at him divinely, and he gave an extra twirl to his moustache; but she resolutely refused to proceed with the experiment.

"What is there," I asked him, "that is interesting to see in Saumur?"

"Ah!" he answered, "monsieur is droll—monsieur makes pleasantry."

I assured him that his judgment was highly flattering to my sense of humour; just at this moment, however, I was bent upon serious inquiry.

"Ah, but monsieur and madame can have come to Saumur but for one thing—the same thing for which all the world comes to Saumur to-day. Monsieur has doubtless noticed that the town is *très mouvementée*?" This with a sweep of the arm over the street, where one emaciated cab-horse had been goaded into a shambling trot along the cobblestones, one old gentleman stood gazing in a shop window across the way, and two elderly ladies ascended the steps of the Post Office.

"Quite lively," said I. "What is the cause of it?"

"Ah, monsieur will have his joke! It is, of course, that we prepare for to-morrow. Doubtless monsieur and madame will be staying until to-morrow——"

As he seemed to be about to embark upon an intimate catalogue of the conveniences and comforts of the hotel which surmounted the café, I hastened to assure him that we had only one afternoon to spend in Saumur, and were expected at Nantes that night. His surprise! . . . but it was rather stupefaction.

"Mon Dieu! What! Monsieur leaves to-night! And then, to-morrow—to-morrow. . . ."

He wrung his napkin with agonised fingers. It appeared that to-morrow was the great day of the year in Saumur.

"To-morrow!" he went on, jerkily, "the great review—M. le Ministre—the magnificent assembly of foreign officers—the defile of the *écuyers*—the bands—the *carrousel-courbette, cabriole*—the gaiety there will be under the elms of Chardonnet—mon Dieu!"

I begged him to pardon my ignorance. I deplored the fate that prevented me from assisting M. le Ministre to see the evolutions of the Cavalry School. In the meantime, we should be glad, I said, to make what reparation we could to Saumur by inspecting its points of interest. The claims of Saumur to fame, he replied, rested upon its Cavalry School. To-morrow we might see the Cavalry School in the efflorescence of its glory. To-day—he hardly knew what we could do to-day. Of course, we could go and look at the parade-ground, which had been swept and garnished in readiness. But, to-morrow——

He gathered up his crumpled napkin sorrowfully, pocketed his franc, and prepared mournfully to depart and attend to the old gentleman who had left off looking in the shop-window and was now hammering with his stick on one of the iron tables.

"Do you know," I asked him, "where I can find the house of M. Grandet?"

"M. Grandet?" He bent his brows and searched his memory. But no; he had not been long in Saumur,

and he did not know everybody. There was M. Legrand, who kept a grocer's shop in the Rue Dacier, two steps from there; but Grandet? No.

The hammering became insistent. Monsieur would pardon him. Ah, if monsieur could only stay till to-morrow! . . .

In the postcard shop at the corner Madame X heard us posing questions to the young lady who sold us (at a sou apiece) delightful pictures of Saumur and its environs. She descended from her pulpit to inquire whether she could be of any service to Madame and Monsieur.

"You are very good," said I. "We had an hour or two to spend in Saumur, and we wanted to know what there was to be seen."

It was desolating, she observed, to think that we could not stop till to-morrow to see the review. But never mind—as who should say, "It is a crooked world, but far be it from me to try and straighten it out." We ought at least to inspect the Town Hall. It was magnificent.

We admitted that it was; but we had seen the Town Hall.

And then, on the Ile Offard, in the middle of the river, there was the house of Queen Cécile, which well deserved to be viewed.

Agreed; we had looked at it as we came from the station.

In that case we had doubtless seen the Theatre, with the corn-market underneath? But had we observed the house opposite, the Hôtel Bancler? Yes, we had. And were we aware that, at the Hôtel Bancler, Napoléon and Joséphine stopped in 1808? So the guide-book had informed us.

Madame X began to look desperate. She had probably never encountered two such unreasonable foreigners before, who, having exhausted the main features of interest in Saumur, were still avid. There remained the Castle——

"Could you tell me," I insinuated, "where one might find the house of M. Grandet?"

"Grandet? Grandet?" Madame X placed the tip of her forefinger at the corner of her lip and screwed up her brow.

"The celebrated millionaire and miser, Grandet," I said, to assist her.

"Ah, no, monsieur. I regret I do not know the house of M. Grandet. But the Savings Bank is in the Rue Dacier!"

I fear our flight from the postcard shop was hurried, undignified, even impolite; but the crisis was one of those in which it is necessary to take sudden action for fear of the worst. The charge of laughter that was killing us had to be exploded somewhere—rather in the street outside than in the shop of Madame X.

But she was all solicitude and suspected nothing. She followed us to the door, and cried after us voluble instructions for reaching the Castle, taking the Caisse d'Epargne by the way.

The Belgian Congo*

IT is possible to find fault with such a book as this to an extent that it would condemn the work beyond hope, for the author is not by any means a literary man—he is a hunter. He confuses his pronouns, writes so scrappily and jumpily as to bewilder the reader, and plays other tricks that no man initiated in the ways of writing would think of playing; yet, granting the unliterary quality of the book, it is one to read and remember, for we feel that the author is telling truth, and that which he relates is of more than common interest. Sometimes he gets away from his point, more especially when, quite without bearing on the story he has to tell of the Congo, he talks about his travels in other parts of the world; paragraphs are thrown in here and there bearing no relation to the theme, and there are some rhapsodies that would have been better left out, dealing with sunsets, the emotions of the hunter in sentimental mood, and like subjects; for the inclusion of these the book is the poorer.

Nevertheless, it is a good, human story, and the first point it raises in the mind of the critic is that here is yet another man who, having gained a broader view of life than the average, comes back a rank Tory in sentiment and principle. Unwittingly so, perhaps, and it might be better to describe him as anti-Radical rather than Tory, for he shows his colours mainly in his condemnation of the Radical colonial policy—that which has crippled the enterprise of colonial administrators since the time of Majuba, and before that, too. Having seen, he condemns; not directly, but in his own way, and perhaps unconsciously, for the book is quite free of political sentiment.

Youth shows in his enthusiasms; the sun is generally the "great sun," the moon the "great moon." He has a leaning towards savage life, and no love for the civilising processes that result in virtual enslavement under the cloak of missionary enterprise; he sees the native content in aboriginal laziness, and queries why the poor fellow should be exploited, given tastes that were not his before, and made to work—made miserable, in fact. The only answer to the query seems to be that the white man wants more land, or more fields for trade, and the native has to suffer. Selfishness, not Christianity, is at the root of civilising influences in Africa.

There is ground for this view in that the author's *safari* was carried out in the most cruelly treated part of all Africa—the Belgian Congo. This book tells little of the ways of that land, merely hints at the happenings that have been told by others; but the hints enable us to understand that the author saw little to cause him to love the civilising influences of the districts he traversed. Whatever may have been the original propensities of the natives, they have had a long course of training in suspicion and treachery, as

well as in refined cruelty and unlimited extortion, at the hands of the white man.

These, however, are minor points in the book, which is concerned principally with elephant and other hunting—sometimes with the author himself as quarry, though, fortunately, he escaped at the worst with an arrow-wound. We would commend the book to all who intend to hunt elephants or other big game, in any part of the world, for it has much practical information that will be of real service. We commend it, too, to those who like a real story of adventures in unknown lands, perils among men little less savage and far more cunning than beasts, as well as among the beasts themselves. It is a scrappily written story of great doings, and the interest of the matter more than compensates for the manner.

The Veto of Canada

THE dramatic arrival in British Columbian waters of an organised party of 375 Indians has, so far as this country is concerned, abruptly revived interest in the whole question of Asiatic immigration into the territories of the white man, and particularly in so far as it affects the Pacific seaboard. The immediate significance of the incident lies in its bearing on Imperial unity; but viewed in its widest aspect, a problem is revealed which contains the elements in that long struggle which is to determine the ultimate relations between East and West. When, therefore, we attempt to pass critical judgment on events that are happening to-day, it will be as well to bear this stupendous truth in mind. For some years past there has been a strongly marked tendency in this country to belittle the claims put forward by our Colonial kinsmen, and to dismiss their case with the superior assumption that it was based on the ignorant grounds of racial prejudice. Sometimes they have been taken to task on account of their inconvenient obstinacy, for the fact has never been lost sight of that, sooner or later, Great Britain itself must become involved in the dispute. And here it is instructive to recall that, when some seven years ago immigration troubles were coming to a head in California and British Columbia, no little hostility towards the agitation movement was shown in the States and Provinces of Eastern Canada and America. With the acquisition of greater knowledge of the actual merits of the question, however, and with the additional experience of Asiatic activity on the Pacific Coast which time has brought, this hostility has been converted into a sympathetic realisation of the danger that threatens the Western shores of both countries. In other words, what was once looked upon with irritation as a parochial bugbear, is now come seriously to be regarded as a common peril. We fear it is almost too much to hope that this process of enlightenment, although it has spread amongst vast communities situated thousands of miles from the regions directly concerned, will in the near future penetrate to any effect beyond the Atlantic. Our very immunity from Oriental immigration on any con-

* *Hunting and Hunted in the Belgian Congo*. By R. DAVEY COOPER. Edited by R. KEITH JOHNSTON. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

siderable scale, and our enthusiastic if somewhat selfish conception of the Imperial idea, preclude us from sharing the point of view of our Overseas Dominions.

It would be futile to deny that the question involved in the arrival of the *Komagata Maru* at Vancouver possesses a very disquieting significance in regard to the Imperial outlook. The case that is being put to the test is to decide whether our fellow-subjects in India are to be permitted to take up their residence in the lands which by the laws of the pioneer belong to our fellow-subjects in Canada. Without any discrimination, the Provincial Government of British Columbia has set its face against Asiatic immigration. Restrictive legislation has long been in force; but, in spite of all precautions which such legislation provides, nothing so far has been devised to stay the steady inflow of Japanese, Chinese, and Indians, which year by year goes to diminish the proportion between the white and Asiatic populations. Finding that the law which prohibited the landing of Indians in Canada who had not come by continuous journey from their native country had ceased to be an effective check upon immigration, the Provincial Authorities were compelled to adopt other means for enforcing their policy. An Order in Council was issued prohibiting the admission of artisans and labourers until March 31 of the present year.

This period has been extended by six months. As the Indians on the *Komagata Maru* have not made a continuous journey from India, even though they plead that they belong to neither of the categories mentioned, it is difficult to see how they can make good their case before the Canadian courts. Their leader, one Gurdit Singh, a man of determination and resource, appears to have taken upon himself the task of settling one way or the other the complex problem involved. Incidentally, as we have already implied, he is raising the whole question of Asiatic immigration and is hastening the day for the final settlement of this question. In such a settlement we firmly believe that compromise will have no part. Were the peoples of Asia to remain content under laws which merely imposed restrictions on their right of entry matters might be otherwise; but the history of the past few years shows only too clearly that the Indians are becoming restive and the Japanese positively aggressive under the bar which has been placed upon them by the white man.

It is altogether too late in the day to equip expeditions or to exploit the Press for the purpose of raising the issue in test form. The results of the last elections afford conclusive proof that not alone the residents of British Columbia, but the people throughout the Dominion as a whole, have decided that Canada shall remain a White Canada. This decision they have reached in no mean or ignorant spirit of race prejudice. It is based on a realisation that human progress and human happiness cannot be furthered by implanting in their midst an alien people whose social customs, ethical conceptions, and economic status differ so widely from their own. If this divergence did not exist then assimilation would be possible and time would

remedy all things. But it does exist, and assimilation is out of the question. If the difference between the white man and the Asiatic were one of a merely economic nature then the world's verdict would be "let the best man win." But disparity lies deeper. The Canadian is the product of Western civilisation. The code which governs his family life and his life in the community is the code which is common to Christendom. Is it reasonable or right to expect him to welcome in his midst a people who look upon women as slaves, and who condone where they do not practise concubinage and polygamy? When to the total irreconcilability of moral ideals is added the economic inequality between the white man and the Asiatic the hopelessness of arriving at any solution of the problem satisfactory to both is painfully apparent. Yet determination to have his own way, no matter the cost, characterises the attitude of the one equally with the other. As far as China is concerned she is fully occupied with her own domestic troubles and is unlikely to prove a disturbing factor in the problem for many years to come. With Japan the case is different. However tolerant her rulers may be in devising temporary expedients for meeting the delicate situations that must continue to arise owing to the insistence of America and the Colonies to maintain their white status, the people themselves will sooner or later demand the satisfaction of finality. This aspect of affairs is not lost sight of in the Colonies, where it is realised that any day the hands of the Japanese Government may be forced and a crisis precipitated. And behind this realisation lies the desire, which so urgently and so repeatedly they have advanced, that adequate naval provision should be made in the waters of the Far East.

Meanwhile Great Britain will have to face the difficulty that is rapidly assuming grave proportions owing to the determination of British Columbia to prevent the landing of Indians in Canada. Compromise may offer the line of least resistance; but it cannot provide a lasting settlement. Indeed, it is questionable whether the day has not already passed when on this question compromise could form the basis of any agreement, however transient. For the Canadians as a people, having learnt the lesson of restriction, are swiftly being educated to the idea of nothing less than exclusion. This is what we in England must be prepared to see in the near future, an irrevocable part of Canadian policy.

The Civil Servant: His Manners and His Merits

GR^{EAT} BRITAIN has always been proud of her Civil Service. The intelligent foreigner, we believe, has been known to endorse the national view that we have the finest Civil Service in the world. We alone seem to have discovered the secret of a public service whose efficiency and integrity are national and Imperial assets. On the whole, the compliments which have been showered on the Civil Servants of the British

Empire are well deserved: in India and the Crown Colonies we have a body of men as devoted, as able, and as incorruptible as any in the world. At home the same remark applies with some sort of qualification. We make no sweeping generalisation: we are not going to say, for instance, that all Civil Servants are uncivil—a cheap sort of pleasantry which amounts to a class libel. But we do assert that with the advance of democratic conditions the Civil Service has not advanced in manners. Whether it has advanced in efficiency is open to question. A couple of months ago the Report of the Royal Commission on the Civil Service recommended that certain improvements in our educational system should be introduced, paving the way from the primary school to the Universities, so that any bright youth, a candidate for the Civil Service, not blessed with rich relatives, might be given the opportunity of competing successfully with the less bright youth who had that advantage.

We are all for merit, but in the public service we are disposed to plead for manners as well. Some specimens of the Civil Servant promoted from the lower grades, with whom we have had the misfortune to be brought in contact, have unquestionably lost in the cavernous depths of swelled head any manners they ever had. Wherein their greater efficiency consists, the powers who control promotion might be able to tell: it has not been obvious to others. Women as public servants are seldom as pleasing to deal with as men, but all the faults and airs which women display are insignificant by contrast with the insolence of some Jacks-in-office. Some men who have climbed the official ladder from the lowest rung are among nature's gentlemen. Unfortunately, popular education is not necessarily a leaven of boorishness. Nor is it possible that "the finest Civil Service in the world" can maintain its reputation under modern conditions of expansion. In one of the latest of the always valuable historical and economic studies issued by Columbia University, Dr. Robert Moses gives, for the benefit of American reformers, an exhaustive review of the findings of various inquiries into the needs and character of the British Civil Service. "Even those who see the need of higher standards," he says, "are constantly raising the bugaboo of bureaucracy." It is hardly surprising if the selfsame bugaboo has made its appearance in Great Britain. The rate at which officials have increased and multiplied under the Radical régime is positively appalling. The *Daily Telegraph* recently estimated that in the last four or five years their number has gone up by nearly 12,500, and that the country is called upon to pay an extra one and three-quarter millions sterling annually for the luxury of being governed according to the democratic notions of a Lloyd George. And who is prepared to claim that merit, with or without manners, is the distinguishing characteristic of this particular bureaucratic accretion? The manifestation of the Trade Union spirit in the lower ranks of the Civil Service is the measure of its public spirit. Bureaucracy has indeed become a bugaboo in this country, and seems to be drifting to the dangerous frame of

mind that the taxpayer exists for its benefit and not it for the taxpayer's.

Civil Servants are often loud in their complaints of the hardship of having to work for the quite respectable salary they receive—a salary which carries a pension, and which they not infrequently themselves supplement by outside work in competition with the very men who provide that salary. It would be astonishing if the Civil Service, with its permanency, its preferments, and its privileges, were not popular in Great Britain. Dr. Moses amusingly accounts for the fact that the Civil Service is less attractive in the United States, on the ground that America has no gewgaws to distribute. "In Europe," he writes, "titles and orders, and (in monarchies) the exaggerated respect paid to Civil Servants as the visible symbols of royal power, attract the brains of these countries into government work, in spite of low salaries. If vanity and other pardonable human weaknesses can be capitalised at all, a C.B., a knighthood, a *Herr Oberregierungs-rath*, or a *Geheimer*, must be capitalised so as to double the existing salaries of the title holder." The average Civil Servant would certainly not endorse Dr. Moses' view; rather he would be prepared to argue that the mere fact that he had been given some sort of title showed him to be deserving of a larger pecuniary reward!

There are certainly some reforms in the Civil Service that should be insisted on. One is that there should be some regard for the type of man as well as the quality of brain; a second that Civil Servants should not be allowed to enter into competition with the public which provides them with comfortable billets; a third that the patronage of Ministers in the interests of their private secretaries should be abolished. The manner in which Mr. Lloyd George has found fat berths for men who have enjoyed the distinction of acting as his private secretaries is in accordance with the very worst traditions of pre-democratic times. Mr. George would no doubt retort that he was sacrificing something in parting with such excellent assistants. His devotion to the public weal is, of course, unchallengeable, but we should at least take care that the self-sacrifice so characteristic of ministers of his kidney does not involve wrong to those who have not had the advantage of serving them.

A. W.

In the Learned World

AN entirely new sort of aeroplane or gyropter has been devised by MM. A. Papin and D. Rouilly, which, if it does what is expected of it, will go a long way towards making accidents like that from which the unfortunate Hamel has suffered impossible. It has neither propeller nor tractor like the other models in use, its organ of propulsion being a single wing projecting from the rear of the machine and curved in a way which is said to reproduce the behaviour of the boomerang. The pilot sits in front in a kind of car on the upper side of the machine, mounted in ball-

bearings so as to rotate freely, but otherwise resembling the seat of a monoplane. The engine, which surrounds the pilot's seat, is in effect a turbine, and works apparently by the extremely rapid expulsion of air, which takes place at the rate of 100 metres per second through a flattened tube with an orifice under the posterior end of the wing. In appearance, the machine is said to resemble a violin case; but a still more apt comparison would apparently be one of the seed-pods of the sycamore or plane-tree, which seems to have first given the inventors the idea of it. To this is due its great peculiarity, which is that, if for any reason the engine stops working, the machine, instead of dropping like a stone, flutters quietly to the earth by a gyrating movement like the seed-pods mentioned, and is even then under control and steerable by the "way" given to it by the wind rushing through the air-passage. Its weight is 500 kilogrammes, its spread of wing only 12 metres square, and it is claimed for it that it can rise from the earth directly and alight without the run on bicycle wheels, which is not one of the least dangerous incidents of the ordinary aeroplane's ascent and descent. It is described with illustrations by M. Lucien Fournier in *La Nature* of the 23rd of last month.

The improvements lately effected in the observation of the weather formed the subject of a well-illustrated lecture given to the Royal Societies' Club at the end of last month by Sir John Moore. A great part of the lecture was occupied with a description of the working of the State Meteorological Office, which came in for many compliments. One of its achievements seems to be the substitution of a new system of nomenclature which records barometrical pressure by "millibars" instead of in the old fashion by inches of mercury. That the old system is logically indefensible is true enough, and much contempt was poured upon it in the course of the evening, it being said with some truth that while all students of physics and chemistry are taught the metric system, and even the modification of it known as the centimetre-gramme-second or C.G.S., after an Englishman leaves school or university he never hears of either again, except from technical people. Yet one looks with some mistrust upon new scientific jargon, and Dr. Shaw, the official head of meteorology in this country, who also spoke, confessed to a furtive regard for the Fahrenheit thermometric scale, which he declared gave a unit of measurement easier to manipulate than the Centigrade. Both speakers agreed that the layer of the atmosphere from which our changes of weather really come is the "stratosphere," which begins about 10 kilometres above the earth. Five miles up is rather high for a balloon, whether dirigible or otherwise, to ascend; but, if this view be correct, safe predictions of the weather may have in future to be founded on observations taken of this stratum by one means or another.

It is a commonplace remark that people seem nowadays to make such frequent employment of artificial means of locomotion in the way of automobiles and aeroplanes as to be losing the natural use of their legs. It may be doubted whether we have yet gone

so far in this way as in countries where horses are within the reach of everybody, and foot-brakes and levers give plenty of employment to the feet in nearly all kinds of motor-driven machines. The advocates of ambidexterity sometimes urge that this might be done away with with advantage by our being taught the indifferent use of either hand. Yet it is doubtful whether this would really be advisable. According to Dr. Felix Regnault, the veteran biologist, the left hand does not, as the classical authors said it did, do less work than the right, but only a different kind of work. It is generally used, as appears from figures lately given by him to the Paris Société de Biologie, for actions of long duration which demand static muscular contractions, as opposed to the dynamic contractions of the right hand. Hence, he says, people are generally found carrying burthens (and babies) on the left arm, while the right is kept for clearing away obstacles and delicate acts which require varied and rapid movements. According to him, this is due to a corresponding difference in the brain and nervous centres in man, which has grown up by a long process of evolution. The lower animals, he says, are all ambidextrous, and the fact that man is not so is to be attributed to the division and therefore economy of labour which can be traced in all his organs. There is much to be said for this, but is it really true that the other animals are ambidextrous? Horses and dogs appear generally to "lead off" with the right fore-foot.

M. Marage, who has devoted himself to the scientific side of music, has lately communicated to the Académie des Sciences some investigations made by him into the sensibility of the human ear to certain sounds. Three hundred scholars and professors of the Sorbonne were lately placed at his disposal, to whom was played music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries on the piano, clavecin, clavichord, and viola, and they were afterwards asked to write down the physiological impressions received. Slightly more than fifty per cent. failed to do so; but the 142 answers he did receive showed a singular agreement. All received a pleasant impression from the deep sounds of the viola, and a disagreeable one from the sharp notes of the clavecin, an old-fashioned instrument in which metallic strings are "plucked" or pinched by mechanical means. Their appreciation of the piano, the lineal descendant of the clavecin, varied with the player. On the whole, M. Marage is of opinion that sounds are more pleasing the more familiar they are to the hearer, which is borne out by his earlier researches into the use of the telephone, in which he established that each vowel has a particular note which is perceived by the listener with less expenditure of energy than any other. Occupation, too, must have its influence, for while 62 per cent. of those who sent in good answers were professors or students of music, those engaged in literature who did the like numbered only 35 per cent., or 12 per cent. below the scientific. Those who had no acquired knowledge of music gave only 20 per cent. of intelligent answers, but some of these were as high in order of merit as those of any of the professors of the art. F. L.

REVIEWS

An Editor as Essayist

Art and Common Sense. By ROYAL CORTISSOZ.
(Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. CORTISSOZ is, we believe, an editor, and the title of his collection of essays has the charm of the true journalistic quality. It is a delight to read a book promising to set art free from the shibboleths which are always ready to spring up and choke it. But unfortunately the present work will do very little to rid the world of the criterion set up to distinguish the Ephraimites from the Gileadites. Alas, Mr. Cortissoz belongs to the great school of writers which tells us very neatly the few poor things about art which we have long since found out in our own rough way. Books, like oysters, keep secret all the pearls that may or may not be within until their covers have laboriously been set open.

Our first disappointment with Mr. Royal Cortissoz—how alluring a name—was to find that "Art and Common Sense" was the title of the introductory short essay and a very small part of his 450 well-packed pages. Next his opening lines, "There are some impenetrable mysteries about a great work of art," gave us that peculiar pang often felt when a friend to whom we wish to be extremely hospitable begins, as a personal experience, a humorous story with which we have been generally familiar these twenty years. However, the present book was written for Americans, so possibly this phrase may be new to them—this idea about the mysteries of a great work of art.

Everything is a mystery to somebody. We once knew a charming visitor from the United States who wondered what part of the street we called by the name of pavement and why we should wish to make our way there instead of on the sidewalk. But to the all-embracing sympathy of the artistic brain there is a clearness of purpose even in the uttermost mysteries. When young, and inclined to argue about it and about, we read a very beautiful and complicated passage from one of Browning's plays to an even younger person who did not trouble herself about art or literary expression. We did not understand the passage, but she said at once that it was perfectly clear and beautiful to her. She could not tell us the meaning, and yet she was truthful in her appreciation. It was the intensity, the broken energy and passion, the vague, indefinable essence which her sympathetic nature enabled her to envision. There were no mysteries in art or literature for a soul unconsciously cultivated beyond the dreams of pedestrian man.

And thus it is with many great examples of art. We may wish to produce and therefore bother about the technique and ritual of the affair, but if man should chance to create anything good we do not agree with Mr. Cortissoz when he says "Genius itself cannot read the riddle." On the contrary, thousands who know

nothing of the cant phrases of critics and artists, of which the writer justly complains, will leap these barriers of words or points of view and enjoy the masterpiece because some kind fate has given them the power to appreciate, even if they are robbed of the honours of creation.

"Art and Common Sense" is an admirable plea for the release of the public from the superstitions connected with art, but it does not go quite far enough towards the enfranchisement of the public mind. From the first essay Mr. Cortissoz goes on to the consideration of very many masters, old and new. There is a little pilgrimage à propos of that, to us, especially attractive artist, Ingres, and there are many weighty sayings and wise views upon Rembrandt, Hals, Vermeer of Delft, Chardin, Alfred Stevens and, perhaps, a hundred others, including people so near us as Whistler and Sargent. But these expressions of opinion are not very brilliant nor—at least, in Europe—unknown to the ordinary student of art. Still they are always expressed with a welcome frankness and a cheerful appearance as of one who, returning from inspiring visions, brings glad new tidings to the lovers of beauty and of art.

The chapters on four leaders in American architecture particularly interest us, for, as the author says, that is the art which is most richly vitalised of all in the America of to-day. H. H. Richardson, Richard Morris Hunt, Charles F. McKim and Daniel H. Burnham are the men with whose work he particularly deals, but he does not spare his praise nor his blame to American architecture in general. The author is just and acute in all his criticisms of these men; for example, he says of Richardson, whose work was, we think, first seen late in the sixties of the last century: "He cleansed taste. . . His energy reached far. He communicated precious elements of life to a movement needing just the burly impetus 'hat he was qualified to give it. It was his misfortune, not his fault, that he encouraged exoticism, redundancy, and an inexpressive, florid kind of swagger, at a time when the one thing we needed was discipline." In this direct and lively way Mr. Cortissoz deals with each of the men who were working when, as he says, architecture was more important than any other human interest. Happy nation that can thus set aside the thousand calls of its population so that an art may receive its full measure of consideration, happy author who can write with such confidence of past problems: "I was there in my youth, and I know." Ah, if youth but knew in England, what a proud city London might be.

Dr. Montessori is proposing to visit England in October in order to give a series of lectures and a short course with practical demonstrations for parents and teachers. This course will be designed to throw further light on the Montessori Method, particularly with relation to its employment in this country; and prospective students and others interested should apply to C. A. Bang, 20, Bedford Street, Strand, London, for further particulars.

"Lady in Waiting to Marie Antoinette and Confidante of Napoleon"

The Celebrated Madame Campan. By VIOLETTE M. MONTAGU. (Eveleigh Nash. 15s. net.)

"HORTENSE has a beautiful disposition; we understand one another so perfectly," were almost the last words of that survivor of hundreds of wrecked fortunes, Madame Campan. It was because she could see the beauty in the disposition of many such people as the Queen of Holland, and because her quick and sympathetic nature enabled her to understand perfectly so many of her friends and pupils, that she has become one of the most interesting figures in French social history. In her wonderful and useful career are interwoven the symbolic bees of Napoleon and the Bourbon lilies of France—both stained with the blood of the revolution and of—as it now seems—useless wars.

Long before we begin Miss Violette Montagu's well-arranged and admirably clear account of Madame Campan we are interested in her, but all is newly set forth with skill and leisure, from the birth of Henriette Genist and her acquaintance with the *roi bien-aimé* until the last line is penned and this remarkable woman lies, in 1822, at peace at last in the cemetery at Mantes.

The intention of the author of this book has been, as she says, "to present a faithful picture of the France of the *Œil de Bœuf* and of that greater France when no education was considered complete without a sojourn in Paris, that Parnassus whither Napoleon, the master mind, invited the world's most gifted artists, musicians, *littérateurs*, scientists and thinkers." This is a bold undertaking, but one for which Miss Montagu would be perfectly fitted but for an occasional efflorescence of style and a slight inclination to wander from the matter in hand. But as her more direct work, "Eugène de Beauharnais," proved, she knows the vast numbers of *mémoires* of the period perfectly, and is completely at ease in later eighteenth and early nineteenth century France.

While dealing with the fortunes of her heroine, all the hurrying, pushing, palpitating world of Louis XV, Louis XVI, of the Revolution, of the Napoleonic era and the confused time that followed, are laid before us.

How low men were, and how they rise,
How high they were, and how they tumble,
O vanity of vanities,
O laughable, pathetic jumble!

That is the sort of picture one sees once more in Miss Montagu's interesting pages. It is true that much has been told to us before; almost all the characters are historical; but the author endows them with new life and adds a thousand little touches, gathered from wide reading or personal observation, which make her story of *Maman Campan*—for she was a mother to all the great or would-be great ladies of the Empire—fresh and delightful. The reader of to-day need not trouble himself about the rather heavy and at the same time elusive

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MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

volumes of "Memoirs" which Madame left us; for Miss Montagu has adjusted the stilted style to modern taste.

The first part of the volume dealing with the Court of Marie Antoinette is to some extent Madame Campan's own work, wisely edited and assisted by much knowledge gleaned from other and equally useful sources. The second part, which the author calls "The Governess of the Bonapartes," is founded on some of the correspondence between Madame Campan and the mother of Napoleon III, who was, of course, under her care as Hortense de Beauharnais, and among all her beloved pupils the most beloved.

The Fates may not have allowed all the girls who were brought up by Madame Campan to prove later very kind or very clever, but the governess at least saw that their minds and bodies were perfectly healthy while she could influence them, and her carefully thought out methods certainly produced many capable, witty women and caused a tradition of wise education to flourish in France even until to-day. Madame herself came of a family famous during generations for their taste for hard work and common sense, for caution and in some cases coldness. But the fine flower of their race, the Henriette of the present volume, combined much knowledge of men and things with wide sympathy, and much warmth of character with wisdom which was both lively and discreet.

From the days when, a child *lectrice*, she entered the Court of Louis XV as the companion of his daughters, to the very end, she held in her heart the spirit of a devoted and unselfish mother, and although her own marriage—made by her parents, of course—was unhappy, she never failed to make lighter the burdens which others had to bear. At fourteen, Miss Montagu says, her heroine was in danger of becoming a blue-stocking, for she was quick and clever and made much of by the various masters of the arts of the day. Albanesi, the most fashionable of singing masters, taught her the melodies of the alluring Lully, while Goldoni himself made her familiar with Italian.

The little picture of her as she comes into prominence shows that the blue-stocking period was soon over. Miss Montagu pictures her entering the great world "wearing a long train, her slender figure enclosed in stiff stays and voluminous panniers, with her little tear-stained face besmirched with rouge and powder." Her father had given her many wise warnings. "Whenever you receive flattering attentions," he said, "you will gain an enemy." Of flattery and enemies Madame Campan had her fair share as the years passed; but her head was always cool and her heart true and sound, and thus she survived—the friend of humanity—through so many and such various periods of Court life. Her character and her surroundings make her a particularly interesting subject for such a volume as Miss Montagu gives us. It is the life of a wise and sympathetic woman written by another—and such an alliance will always make a delightful book.

The Elements of Religious Science

Introduction à l'Histoire des Religions. Par RENÉ DUSSAUD. (Ernest Leroux, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

"APAISEMENT," word of Mesopotamian balm, has now breathed its healing influence over the land of France for a decade or more. It began with religious politics; it is now extending its operations to the sphere of religious science. We do not suppose that the extremists of any cause will ever disarm because they find there is nothing to fight about, and we know that the first echoes of the word of peace made the political anti-clericals fiercer than ever, but we are sure that a book like this must be, through its candour, fairness and good faith, an influence for good. "The calm and sincerity," says M. Dussaud, "with which research into the history of religion is pursued nowadays may rank among the most remarkable results in the evolution of ideas during the last thirty or forty years." There may be shocks for the novice at this particular branch of study, and we suspect there are many bones to be picked with the experts, but the good intentions are well carried out, and a sound introduction to religious history is offered to the general reader.

We believe it is one of the first attempts that has been made in France at a preliminary sketch of the general problem. Primers of religious science abound in the English language, and of course there are thousands of works in all languages dealing with various branches of the subject. The book is controversial enough, as a book on religious origins could hardly fail to be, but, as the author remarks, "il ne faut pas s'exagérer la diversité des opinions." Disputes about animism, for instance, as often as not are mere exercises in word-chopping.

We will quote, without discussing, M. Dussaud's definition of religion. It takes centuries to elaborate a definition, and it takes an expert ten minutes, at most, to pick a hole in it. This definition, given by way of conclusion, is as follows:—"Une religion est constituée par un ensemble organisé de croyances et de rites qui se propose d'accroître et de perpétuer le principe de vie de l'individu, du groupe et de la nature." This is given as "une définition minima." The important words in it are "le principe de vie," for, on the notion contained in those words, M. Dussaud has erected his whole system. That most essential phenomenon of religion, sacrifice, is viewed solely as an instrument for the nourishment and perpetuation of the principle of life. It is shown that, at various times and places, "no distinction was made between the principle of life of the plants and that of the animals," and that "in the Homeric poems the sole essential difference between men and gods was that the former, being endowed with a purer and more powerful principle of life, are immortal and consequently happy."

Among the headings of chapters we will note "Naturisme, Animisme, Préanimisme," "l'Ame," "Le Sanctuaire et son Organisation," "Le Sacrifice" (2 chapters), "La Prière," "Les Morts et leur Culte."

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT TO THE ACADEMY

13th JUNE, 1914

On Words as Fossil History

BY PROFESSOR HERBERT STRONG

THOUGH England, as compared with France and still more with Germany, is deficient in the science of philology, yet we possess in English a store of good works on the philology of our own language, such as those by the late Professors Sweet and Skeat and by that popular work "The Romance of Words," by Professor Weekley. But there is still room for a work which shall deal adequately with the science of semantics or semasiology: a knowledge of the steps whereby words change their meaning. It were to be wished that a competent English scholar would produce for us a book on the model of Darmesteter's "Life of Words," written for the benefit of French pupils. One of the most interesting qualities of words is that they are in many cases merely stratified history, and few more interesting tasks can be proposed to the scholar than to track the changing meanings back to their source. Some of the acutest word-craft in this direction has been displayed by the late Professor Jhering in his "Vorgeschichte der Indo-Europäer," in which he goes back to sources far preceding in antiquity those commonly tapped by philologists. His assumption is that many words still exist which point to the habits and customs of our Aryan forefathers, whom he supposes to have migrated in huge masses westward, to have taken perhaps hundreds of years in their migrations, and to have left traces in the language of the nations who successively hived off from the parent stock, of the state of civilisation at which they had arrived. He, as an expert in Roman law, looks naturally for his proofs in the Latin language, but it is clear that even in modern languages many words and metaphors exist which carry us back to prehistoric times.

It is agreed by all that the examination of any language must help us to form an idea of the civilisation at the epoch when that language was spoken: thus we know that the Romans were an agricultural people from words like "emolumentum"—payment of the miller's money—an emolument; "salarium"—the quantity of salt given to a labourer for his services—our "salary"; "lira"—a furrow; "delirare"—to go out of the furrow—hence to become delirious. Jhering gathers, from a comparison of the Indo-European languages, that it was not till they had settled down after their migration that the Romans became an agri-

cultural people: there are many words in Latin which seem to show that during the migration they were purely pastoral, and that recollections of many of their habits are embedded in words still existing in Latin. These words had been by the Latins usually associated with religion; but, as a matter of fact, in their origin they were descriptive of nothing but the habits of a primitive people, and were in no way connected with religion. Many words and customs connected with Roman law may be explained in the same way. For instance, the word "nexum" is an obligation incurred by a debtor: the creditor had the right to keep the debtor for sixty days in chains, during which time he publicly exposed his debtor on three "nundinæ," in the hope that some person might release the prisoner by paying his debt. Thus "nexum"—"nectere"—and "obligatio"—"obligare" (to tie up)—express quite simply and literally the fastening up of the debtor in some public place; and "solvere"—to pay a debt—meant, in the first instance, literally to unloose. So that our words "solvent," "obligation," "attachment for" debt, have a far-reaching history.

"To strike a bargain" recalls the Latin "foedus ferire," because a victim was struck down on the occasion of making a treaty. Our word "stipend" is from "stips," an ear of corn, and refers to the method of payment among a primitive people. The derivation of the word "pontifex" has been disputed, but it seems probable that its original meaning was the bridge-builders, the earliest and most important engineers among the primitive nations, and it is interesting to notice that the Roman "pons sublicius" was built entirely of wood and fastened solely by wooden clamps; it would seem in memory of the simple wooden bridges of prehistoric times, when the Aryans were traversing Asia at the time of the great migration. "Flamen" (the dean of a Roman temple) meant originally the blower or kindler of a sacrifice. Our word "arable" is from "arare," to plough: but the Sanskrit has retained the primitive meaning of the root (which merely meant to divide) in "aritra," a rudder, and "aritar," a steerer. But the fact that this expression is common to all the daughter Aryan languages in the sense of ploughing shows that they knew the use of the plough before the separation. Our word "letters" ("literæ") comes from a root "li," seen in "linea," and means originally smears or marks, daubed probably on to cattle. "Scribere," to scrape, takes us to a later date, like "write" and German "ritzen," when the method of record was scratching

words on stone. Our word "pecuniary," like "fee," takes us back to the time when exchange and barter were made by means of cattle. "Mint" and the German "münze" take us back to Roman times, when the Roman treasury was attached to the temple of Moneta, the goddess-counsellor. The word "classic" has its origin in the Servian census, where the "classici" are those who have wealth and position in contrast to the "proletarii," who are not worth consideration. We know that our words "auspices" and "augury" descend from the Latin "auspicium" and "augurium" respectively, and are compounds of "avis," a bird.

But the history of these words, according to modern scholars, can be traced further back than Roman times, viz., to the epoch of the great Aryan migration, when long strings of migratory birds, flying from their winter to their summer quarters, indicated to the wandering Aryans their proper route. "Conjugal" with us conjures up the vision of a comfortable couple more or less happily enduring the marriage yoke, "jugum": it is probable that the original meaning of "conjux" was a person who really and truly shared the yoke of the plough, when the two had to drag the plough over their scanty acres in prehistoric times. A curious reminiscence of those days seems to linger in the Roman formula, "ubi ego Gaius, tu Gaia"—where we are expressly told by a Roman grammarian that the word "Gaius" means originally a ploughing ox.

Sometimes our words and metaphors bring us reminiscences of some pursuit which was once popular, but has now fallen into disuse, like archery and falconry. The names Bowyer and Fletcher (fléchier) are examples of the former: perhaps the most singular instance of the reminiscences of the latter is to be found in to "punch" a ticket—merely a variant of "pounce"; this word is a technical one of the goldsmith's trade, meaning to stamp patterns on metal work. But the word "pounce" is properly applied to the talons of a hawk, and probably is ultimately derived from a Latin form, "punctiare." Shakespeare's "seeling" night comes from the expression "siller le faucon," to sew up its eyelids (cils) in order to prevent it from seeing, and by this method to tame it: "haggard" and "lure" and "allure" are other words taken from the technique of falconry. A most singular word from ornithology is found in the word "dupe," a corruption of "hoopoe," which bird, like the cuckoo, was supposed to be singularly stupid. The French word "trueie" takes us back to a Roman pleasantry; the Romans were very fond of roast pork, and one of their favourite dishes was a sucking pig, into whose interior small live birds were inserted by way of joke; so the sow was surnamed Troja, in allusion to the Trojan horse. The word "gêne" goes back to "gehenna"; and one of the most interesting of recent statements is that the word "apple" means the fruit from Abella.

A collection of Mrs. Meynell's Essays will be issued this week by Messrs. Burns and Oates. This volume will be uniform with Mrs. Meynell's "Collected Poetry."

An Essay for Parents*

THERE is an old, and constant, contention between schoolmasters and parents: the former complain of the material entrusted to them, the latter of the neglect or misdirection of their children. Dr. Lyttelton's excellent little book naturally takes the point of view of the schoolmaster. He has, by virtue of his career and office, had enormous experience of young boys as they enter a large school, straight from home or from preparatory schools, and he has evidently used his powers of observation to some purpose. To the supposition, sometimes entertained, that the school is stronger than the home, and that the schoolmaster ought to set right all the erroneous ideas of a child, he replies that the law of nature is the influence of the home, that the normal outcome of education is the outcome of the home, and that as a rule the school cannot foster what the home has neglected to plant. In formulating his conclusions as to school-life, his main contentions are that it has certain characteristics which cannot be changed, and that, unless higher principles are instilled at home from the beginning, the ideals of boyhood "cannot be expected to rise above the teaching of public opinion, which very seldom demands anything more than a prudent and pleasing selfishness."

Dr. Lyttelton's essay on the home-training of children involves an examination of the natures of boys in general and of particular cases; of their characteristics and dispositions, such as a tendency to yield to inclination, a desire to interpret life, a faculty for so doing according to the facts presented, a tendency to give a primary place to those presented by the parents. He traces, also, a boy's development according to the choice of his egoism, and the tendency to look to public opinion, or propriety, or "the right thing." It may be accepted that inclination is paramount and that rationality cannot be assumed in children. A special merit of the book is its searching examination of the home-training generally provided and of its shortcomings. "Can anything more definite be said than that the parents have to live as nearly as they can in conformity with the Christian ideal?" Dr. Lyttelton is severe on the mere profession of Christian beliefs combined with conventionalism, insincerity, and reticence in practice: he points out in some detail what may be regarded as essential for the planting of the idea of God and of the Divine Presence in the children's minds. As early training is, in his opinion, the dominating influence in character building, the lesson for parents is clear enough—the inculcation and practice of a thoroughly Christian life—and many an English home will be brightened by serious attention to the valuable advice so firmly and pleasantly offered to parents in general.

* *The Corner-Stone of Education.* By EDWARD LYTTELTON, D.D. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s. net.)

REVIEWS

The Academist at Large

The Inner Life of the Royal Academy. By GEORGE DUNLOP LESLIE, R.A. Illustrated. (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

ALTHOUGH not very lively, nor witty, nor wise, there are kindness, an immense quantity of information and many matters of interest in Mr. Leslie's memories of some seventy years' connection with the Royal Academy.

His own delight in everything connected with the institution and his pleasant, casual style of writing about the things he knows so well engages our attention at once, and we enter upon the stout volume of some three hundred pages with infinite pleasure, and finish it with the regret one feels at an abrupt termination of a conversation with a friend. One fault, however, we are inclined to mention: the volume is by no means well illustrated. There are rather commonplace reproductions of photographs of past Presidents, such as Millais and Leighton; and some sketches, we believe, already published, and certainly badly drawn, by Richard Doyle; also a few scraps and rough drawings of no importance. Mr. Leslie might have made this part of his book far more interesting and beautiful; but in regard to that which he writes he gives us of his best.

One of those curious people who send letters to the papers was once supposed to have said: "I have heard the cuckoo thus early in the year, but the point of my writing is not that the cuckoo has been heard, but that I have heard it." So with "The Inner Life of the Royal Academy." Although utterly without vanity, it is the author's observations that are important rather than the mere doings of the excellent corporation of artists now so comfortably placed in Burlington House. It is Mr. Leslie's point of view with regard to older artists—of the present members of the R.A. it would be undignified to say anything—and his stories of his own young days, and those of his father before him, which give peculiar point to these pages. He is rich in reminiscences of long-past Academy dinners, at one of which Mr. Leslie was mistaken by the then Lord Dufferin for the King of the Belgians. The author adds, with characteristic Royal Academy caution, that the late King was not then so notorious as he afterwards became. He also gives us his opinions on the various things or people, calling them "the natural enemies of the Academy." In this connection he is sometimes mistaken, but when fully informed he is perfectly fair.

"Eulogistic criticisms in the newspapers may sometimes be very advantageous," he says, "to a young beginner in the profession by bringing him into notice; defamatory ones, on the other hand, I think, do but little harm to any artist who has already obtained a fair amount of reputation for his works." That is not

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(June 18th.)

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very original, but, doubtless, quite true. Sir Francis Grant, of other days, was more decidedly against the impertinence of people who write. The author tells us that he spoke of the remarks of the newspapers as the ephemeridæ bred in stagnant pools, dying on the day of their birth. These seem rather harsh words to apply even to the work of journalists, but we do not suppose that anybody feels these and other shafts particularly. Newspaper people may not be so gifted as the general run of R.A.'s; still, as a rule, they have been through the fire of life, and, although not creators, are often sound students of the arts they attempt to make interesting to the public at large, who, truth to tell, read their articles with avidity.

But Mr. Leslie's point of view is mid-Victorian and pleasant and honest; ours belong to the present time, with all its faults and freedoms and victories. Then, there are passages in the book completely foreign to us both in phase of thought and phraseology. For example, Mr. Leslie's ideas on fun in the schools, and later among the forty, seem to us banal; whereas his statement that on the one occasion when he went among the critics, by mistake, on a Press day and found that they "looked harmless enough, were very quiet, and scarcely ever spoke to one another," shows a delightful detachment from the world at large, which may or may not be of infinite benefit to the maker of such pictorial masterpieces as Mr. Leslie has given us for a good many years past. Even this season, after having helped Turner at the Academy on varnishing day, some seventy years ago—when he often made his pictures kill all those that had the misfortune of hanging near by—this veteran of Burlington House has on the walls a picture, "At the Well," which has been admired.

After all these years he is blithe and fresh of heart, generous to the memory of many men in his particular circle who could not have been greatly in sympathy with him, and warm, indeed, in regard to those who in an easier and happier period of England's history than ours he loved and admired. Thus a truly agreeable book of old memories and far-off ideals is placed before us; full of happy recollections for the older generation and of interest for the people of to-day. Never was a writer on his art less free from self-appreciation or more generous to those he does not, perhaps, completely understand.

You may remember the old saying in Japan of which Okakura-Kakuzo tells "that a woman cannot love a man who is truly vain, for there is no crevice in his heart for love to enter and fill up. In art," that writer adds, "vanity is equally fatal to sympathetic feeling, whether on the part of the artist or the public." Mr. Leslie's kind and often informing pages prove that in him and in his day the note of vanity was never unduly forced, and the result is an atmosphere of geniality, of love, and of beauty in the accomplishment and even in the pursuit of art, feelings which we hope may last throughout our time, as they have done during the days of the author of "The Inner Life."

EGAN MEW.

A Turning Point in English History

The Place of the Reign of Edward II in English History. By J. F. TOUT, M.A., F.B.A. (Sherratt and Hughes. 10s. 6d. net.)

PROFESSOR TOUT'S monograph on this short but turbulent period of our history is based upon the Ford Lectures he delivered last year at the University of Oxford, but they have been rearranged and considerably expanded. The additions consist of a large number of notes, two long appendices, and the greater part of the last two chapters, in which the dealings of Pope Clement V with Gascony and the whole genesis of the compulsory staple system are related at considerable length. In the course of his researches, which have extended over several years, the author became impressed with the exceptional importance of the reign of Edward II in the history of administrative development in England, and notably as the point in which the marked differentiation of what he roughly terms "Court administration" and "National administration" first became accentuated.

There is little fresh to be said as to the personal deficiencies of the ill-fated Edward of Carnarvon, whom Stubbs has described as the first King after the Norman Conquest who was "not a man of business well acquainted with the routine of government." According to the chroniclers he was a strong, handsome, weak-willed and frivolous monarch who cared neither for battles nor tournaments, politics nor business. He had no other wish than to amuse himself, which he did in the company of such adventurers as Peter of Gaveston, the Gascon, and other upstart courtiers, while systematically avoiding the society of his nobles, the magnates of the land. The latter, who could approve the King's drinking and gambling and other dissipations, found it hard to understand that he should affect such "ignoble sports" as racing, rowing, driving, play-acting, farming, smith's work, thatching, digging, and similar "mechanic arts." Such things were taboo to mediæval gentlemen. To-day, these innocent recreations may be indulged in by the highest in the land. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* With all this Edward II was by no means lacking in courage, though most writers suggest he was no better than a coward. The St. Albans chronicler, John de Trokelowe, describes in vivid language how the king, roused by the spectacle of his friends' slaughter at Bannockburn, rushed, like a lioness bereft of her cubs, on the victorious Scots and drained the life blood of his enemies with his glittering sword until his escort dragged him against his will to a place of safety.

Great administrative changes were a special feature of the reign of Edward II; reforms and readjustments were going on, more or less, all through the twenty years it lasted. Even during the worst period the general machinery of administration went on much as usual. The judges went on circuit, or sat at the courts at Westminster or York, just as regularly, and worked through their lists just as carefully, as if the country

had not been in a frequent state of civil war. Despite times of trouble and distress, there is evidence of the normal course of public business in the proceedings of the general eyre of Kent, when five justices sat at Canterbury for the whole year preceding Bannockburn, and heard all manner of pleas, alike on Sundays and weekdays, taking only a short holiday in August. The worst times were the four successive black years 1314 to 1317 inclusive, when there were cold, rain, flood, famine, and pestilence, involving such mortality as had not been seen for a century. In 1318, however, there came a rapid improvement. The bushel of wheat, which in the previous years had sold for 3s. 4d., could now be easily secured for sixpence. There were more favourable seasons, less fighting, and wiser government. The revenue began once more to yield better results, and of great significance for the period was the growth of an English capitalist class, which was able to compete with the Italian bankers for royal favours and commercial privileges. The foreign staple was abolished, and English staples established; and encouragement was given to the manufacture of cloth in England.

A sign that Edward's reign was not altogether unprosperous is to be seen in the remarkable number of pious foundations for the maintenance of religion and the advancement of learning. A bull of Clement V had, in 1312, established the short-lived mediæval Irish University at Dublin; and in 1318 John XXII granted one which formally founded the University of Cambridge. Collegiate foundations were numerous during these twenty years at the two English universities, the King and his ministers setting the example. The same period saw the establishment of the practice of regarding only those parliaments as true parliaments which contained representatives of the commons—the shires, boroughs, and lower clergy. The reign of Edward II was also a turning-point in military history, since it witnessed the critical stages of the transition from the fashion of fighting under Edward I to the English military system of the Hundred Years' War. Professor Tout's learned, impartial and exhaustive work is a valuable addition to the history of a period which has been much misrepresented and inadequately dealt with.

The French Cream Jug

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

THERE is a well-known French expression, "L'Assiette au Beurre," which Mr. John Raphael calls "The Cream Jug," the sweets and emoluments of office, which is "dipped into very freely by members of all parties who have access to it in every French Parliament":—

The principal vice of the government of France, to my mind, is the *payment of deputies*. The class of man is growing in France who serves his country because his country pays him six hundred pounds a year to do so, and because there are plenty of pickings over and above the annual stipend—such as free railway

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travelling on the nationalised railways, free stationery, and countless other similar things.

This is a brilliant and fascinating story* of the affair Caillaux told by an English journalist who has made his home in Paris for many years and has an insight into French feeling that few Englishmen obtain, or, if they do, can make clear to English readers. His stories and studies of Parisian life and French character in all classes are familiar to readers of the various London papers he has represented with so much ability and fairness.

Anyone who wishes to understand French politics at the present day, or desires to have explained in everyday terms the procedure adopted in the French criminal courts, in order to follow the forthcoming trial of Madame Caillaux, should buy the book, which tells the whole story without bias. Of course, as the author says, if the wife of the most powerful member of the British Government shot the editor of the *Times*, both he and his publisher would be sent to prison for publishing such a book; but in France, he explains, it is different. The French welcome discussion when a trial is pending, and even the magistrate at the close of each day himself sends a summary of the evidence of every witness to the Press. Mr. Raphael boldly suggests that the event may be compared to the shooting of the editor of one of our great morning newspapers by the wife of a prominent member of the Government; but it is impossible to get absolute parallels, simply because all our institutions are so different. The *Figaro*, for instance, is not a bit like the *Times*. However, let us follow Mr. Raphael's plan and try to picture the sensation which would occur in England if the following events occurred.

Imagine a man, whom I will call X, who had risen from a humble to a great position in English politics; who had become rich, it is alleged, by dubious means, and politically powerful; who had a bad temper and an unfortunate turn for epigrams which stuck, and who had made enemies. Imagine X occupying various positions in the State—including that of Prime Minister, and having a hand in most of the political events of the last few years. Imagine a popular journalist like the late Mr. Stead when he was editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, or Labouchere, whom I will call Y, had convinced himself, rightly or wrongly, that X was a corrupt person and a danger to the State. Imagine that Y attacked X in his paper and accused him of various financial and political crimes; that X had helped financial adventurers for his own pecuniary advantage; that, while Finance Minister, he had

* *The Caillaux Drama*. By JOHN N. RAPHAEL. (Max Goschen. 16s. net.)

allowed "wild-cat" companies to be quoted on the London Stock Exchange; and finally, when the French Whitaker Wright, or Jabez Balfour, or Hooley, whom I will call Z, had been brought to trial, had compelled the Judge of the Court to postpone his trial for a year because Z had X in his power. Imagine, further, that the unfortunate X was also accused of nearly bringing about a war with a powerful neighbour, and of being outclassed in diplomacy, so much so that a telegram passed between the foreign Government and its embassy in London to this effect: "Do not waste time in discussion with A or B. We can get more out of X"—and that this telegram was in possession of Y.

In addition to this, consider the domestic position of X. He had married the divorced wife of another statesman, and, *when married*, had carried on a flirtation and a secret correspondence with the wife of another man, couched in endearing terms.

Now imagine that Y, the editor of the newspaper, had also got hold of some letters from X to the second lady, which they believed had been burnt. It is true these were twelve years old, and that in the meantime X had divorced his first wife and married the lady; but they contained statements showing that, while pretending to be the champion of a certain policy, he, X, had secretly done everything in his power "to crush it"—and said so! After a series of attacks which Y had relentlessly carried on for many months from day to day, he suddenly published one of these private letters in facsimile, and showed that he possessed others equally damaging. X says he "will smash the editor's face in"; the wife decides to save him the trouble and stop further publication, buys a pistol one day, waits six hours in the office of the paper, and then shoots Y in the editor's room.

She now declares she did not mean to kill him, but only "to give him a lesson"; and, to do her justice, there is a great deal of evidence in favour of this view. There are many details, but that is the story roughly told in English. Mr. Raphael describes the sensation it caused in Paris—how it emptied the theatres that night, and how a crowd gathered round the police-station and would probably have murdered X if they had got hold of him when he went to see his wife.

Madame Caillaux's life in prison awaiting trial is described in detail; we are told how her husband, the X of my imaginary English Minister, resigned office, sought re-election, and how and why he came to be re-elected. We have a description of the extraordinary way in which the judge who tries the prisoner in the first instance examines the prisoner and the witnesses, acting the part of prosecutor and judge at the same time. The hearsay evidence he accepts, and the comments of the Press on everything that is said and done from day to day. We see how two parties arise—those for and those against the prisoner—and how politicians and newspapers join in the fray, and people volunteer evidence which would not convict a dog in England.

All this is very clearly described; it is told in a detached manner and without bias; in fact, the dexterous way the writer manages to present the case without

showing where his sympathy lies is one of the triumphs of this clever book. It is a book which gives one much pause for thought; it shows how things have progressed in France after forty-three years' trial of the Third Republic. We may shrug our shoulders and say we manage things better in England, and preen ourselves on our superior virtue, but it also points out how things have drifted and how the evils that have arisen in French politics may spring up here. The quotation at the head of the article is one of the most significant statements in the book; we, too, have our "cream jug."

Our Government have not yet dared to tamper with the independence of our judges; but in recent Acts of Parliament, such as the Insurance Act, they have appointed umpires and other officials whose decision is final and conclusive—*i.e.*, the jurisdiction of the law courts is excluded. This is the tendency of modern English legislation; I could enlarge on the subject at length, but this is not the place to do it. This book, however, clearly shows whither Socialism has led our neighbours—to a false expediency which allows men in the position of Prime Minister, of judge, of public prosecutor, to tamper with fact, to mislead, and to lie in the belief that they "have the right" to do so.

The Dryness of Travel Books

BY F. G. AFLALO.

IS there any other form of literature so elusive for both writer and reader as the narration of travels in far lands? Whereas the output of such works is very great, only a very slender minority have any claim to more than ephemeral appreciation, and there is, in fact, no stage on which the author finds it more difficult to win his audience, which is necessarily out of touch with his restless temperament and wandering instincts. If he should tell the bare truth he is voted commonplace. Should he make the most of his meagre adventures, embroidering the everyday happenings with emotional digression that, short of absolute falsehood, magnifies the reality, he is straightway condemned as a liar, accused of claiming the discovery of rivers known to his predecessors and of recounting adventures that exist only in an inflammable imagination, fired by publishers with an eye to sales.

Realisation of this dilemma does not come to those who sit at home in comfortable armchairs. All that they can be dimly aware of is the ever-baffling choice between the dry-as-dust extracts from a diary and the more attractive approximation to the naked truth supplied by memory; or, as Arthur Young, most impractical of farmers, but also most delightful of travellers, has it, between writing of the journey for itself, or merely of its results. Even of this obvious alternative proper appreciation can be won only in the wilds, where the lonely traveller, under contract to publish the story of his wanderings, realises painfully, as he sits of an evening outside his tent, while his natives are cooking his meal, drawing water, hewing wood,

and piling up the camp-fire against surprises by wild beasts, that yet another day has gone without furnishing a single episode worth the telling to those who read only for the sake of excitement. He sees himself, in short, in the unenviable position of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, when she found that her letters home were no longer welcome because she "would not lie like other travellers."

As a matter of everyday experience, travel, even in the wilds, tends towards the commonplace, and adventure comes, if at all, to those who seek it. I recently went through portions of the forest of Uganda and into the lonely highlands overlooking the Rift Valley with no firearm more formidable than a twelve-bore and a pocket pistol. Residents in those countries warned me of the folly of going without some sort of rifle into regions infested with leopard, lion, elephant and rhinoceros, and tourists envied what they described as my probable good luck in meeting with some, if not all, of these beasts, a boon which I discounted heavily, my purpose being to catch fish and not to provide sensation. It is not to be denied that I came upon the spoor of all of the quartette, but not one creature did I actually see or hear greater than baboons, hyenas and warthogs, with none of which could even he of La Mancha have contrived perilous encounter. When a peaceful angler returns safe and sound from the back of beyond, only to find his friends unfeignedly disappointed by his lack of adventure, the only construction that he can reasonably put upon their attitude may not be flattering to himself, but it certainly explains the demand for sensational travel stories. The lack of their supply must be accounted for on other grounds.

It will at once be obvious that the promise of thrills in any book of travel may be approximately estimated from the longitude of its theme. Neither New Zealand nor the Black Forest, both the subjects of excellent books during the present season, would be expected to provide hair-raising adventure, since the whole milieu of the German summer resort is homely and secure, and the land of the Maori does not, if we leave out of account its imported deer, support any land animal more formidable than a rat. The headwaters of the Amazons, on the other hand, would, particularly in view of Colonel Roosevelt's harrowing experiences, suggest unlimited possibilities of high adventure, and another new volume of recent appearance is not likely to disappoint those in search of it.

If the drab veracity of modern writers of travel is already checked by wireless telegraphy, the vogue of the photograph, which rests chiefly on its cheapness as compared with the work of artists, is another influence which tends to eliminate romance. No longer are we held spellbound by graphic representation of the death-struggles of lions and elephants such as embellished the books of our boyhood; and this is better so, since the fortunately few attempts to photograph the last moments of moribund game have roused the well-merited indignation of a public never, even in its most morbid moments, very tolerant of wanton and avoid-

able cruelty. As a result, we are shown nothing more discomposing than the prone elephant, with, at its worst, the sportsman standing proudly at gaze, one foot planted on its head in the self-satisfied attitude of a Roman Emperor enjoying his Triumph. No one of discrimination would pretend that this cold and lifeless panorama of dead beasts and fat Nimrods is comparable to the now obsolete pictures that pleased an earlier generation, when more or less competent artists strove, with the aid of rough sketches or other available information, to give a semblance of reality to selected episodes; but the new order of illustration is, at least, more in accordance with the solemn repression of modern writers who, for fear of being lampooned as kinsmen of Munchausen, go to the opposite extreme of retrospect so bare as even the most hectoring silk would find himself unable to upset in the smallest particular. Such care for nothing but the truth, while infinitely creditable to the writer's honesty of purpose, makes the majority of present-day travel books about as interesting and attractive reading as the *London Gazette*. It is not, indeed, too much to say that the art of enlivening such literature with reflection and digression, such as crowd on the impressionable mind of the exile in tropical moonlight or the silence of the jungle, is as dead as that of oratory in the House of Commons. The reason is the same. There is no more demand for either, and the narrative, like the speech, must, unless in exceptionally privileged hands, be as arid as the desert in summer-time.

The Spirit of Japanese Poetry. By YONE NOGUCHI.
(John Murray. 2s. net.)

IN the "Wisdom of the East" series many interesting volumes have appeared, but few will be found of more appeal to literary readers than this little book on a style of poetry which is far removed from the work of our own great poets. It might justly be said that the Japanese poem depends more upon what state of mind the reader brings to it than upon any startling or beautiful effect in the work itself. Take, for example, one "very famous Hokku," translated thus:

The old pond!
A frog leapt into—
List, the water sound!

One's first impulse is to laugh at the notion of such a trifle, a mere word-splash, being an immortal poem; and in truth it may be doubted whether our Western sense, accustomed to rhyme and rhythm and the music of Shelley, Keats, Arnold, Swinburne, will ever welcome heartily these exercises in concentration and suggestion. "But," says Mr. Noguchi, "when the Japanese mind turns it into high poetry, it is because it draws at once a picture of an autumnal desolation reigning on an ancient temple pond whose world-old silence is now broken by a leaping frog. . . . Each reader can become a creator of the poem by his own understanding as if he had written it himself." And we begin to see, faintly, that a certain mystical beauty lurks in the three

brief lines; that it is not such a "trifle" as at first sight we thought; and that it is not wise to judge hastily an art that moves in ways different from our own.

The author's chapters are full of suggestive remarks. He notes that in his own country "the best poetry was produced in the age when publication was most difficult," and urges poets to be less eager to appear in print—a counsel of perfection. While versifiers can bring out neat little books by merely paying for publication—one in a hundred, perhaps, being the true poet whom we cannot blame—the temptations are too great. Mr. Noguchi impresses upon poets the value of extreme concentration, but at times we feel that he has not sufficiently grasped the beauty—as distinct from the sense—of English poetry. For this none may blame him, any more than we may be reproached for missing the full significance of his Japanese measures; he is rather to be congratulated on having so far mastered a language strange in character and construction as to give us good original work in it.

The book treats of other matters—of the famous "No" play; of the significance of what we might in Carlyle's words term "Æsthetic Tea"; and gives plentiful information regarding the most noted Japanese poets. Literary criticism, perhaps, is not Mr. Noguchi's strong point, but his allusions to our own poets are occasionally illuminating, and his pleasant talk of his own land we take as a real contribution to knowledge.

A Book about Authors. By A. R. HOPE MONCRIEFF.
(A. and C. Black. 10s.)

HOW many years ago was it we used to read and enjoy the stories of Mr. "Ascot R. Hope" in the *Boys' Own Paper*? We hardly care to say; but at any rate it is a pleasure to have here his reminiscences and confessions—the story of his life among books and papers. It is one of the best, gentlest, and most fascinating stories imaginable. Mr. Moncrieff freely admits that he is not among the great writers, and we like him all the better for the entire absence of conceit in his pages. He withdrew some of his early books from publication, "recognising their insipidity," and yet has to his credit about two hundred volumes "at all prices from pennies to pounds," many of which have been translated into several languages.

The book which here sets the coping-stone upon his edifice treats of authors from many points of view. We have a fine, fanciful "History of the Author" to begin with; sections treating of the "Anatomy of Authors" and "The Author's Apprenticeship"; and chapters devoted to publishers, editors, and readers. Mr. Moncrieff knows all the troubles of the man who writes—the strange, mysterious moods, glum and almost sullen; the "frosts of silence"; the effect of genial company; the pleasures and pains of the travelling manuscript; the bother of the "journalist with a conscience." He knew the publisher who admitted ignorance of literature but was a successful man because he recognised "what would sell"; he knows the

editors, armed with blue pencils, with a taste for "potted phrases rather than for sappy flowers of speech"; and he tells some good stories—notably that of the would-be contributor who pressed his lengthy essay upon a reluctant editor with the cool remark that "by omitting the advertisements, it might easily be got within the limits of a single number." And, best of all, in a noble closing passage which we should like to quote in full, he says: "On coming to add up my account, I find a balance on the right side." He is not referring wholly to money matters; he means more than that. It is something worth doing to have helped to turn the wilderness of life into a garden; to have sought steadfastly to do good, to give pleasure; to have kept a clear, healthy outlook, and to draw near the end of the journey with no heavy regrets. This Mr. Moncrieff has accomplished; how, the book will tell, with a kindly humour and a pleasant pride. We have read it with delight, and with a sense as of an intimate talk with an old and valued friend.

The Meaning of Truth in History. By RT. HON. VISCOUNT HALDANE, K.T., F.R.S. (University of London Press. 1s. net.)

NOT long ago a self-esteeming colleague of Lord Haldane informed the world that he regarded it with "the modern eye"—a sorry compliment to the modern eye, as recent events have shown. Lord Haldane himself regards the world with the German eye, and the German eye, even to this day, is not happy unless it is transcending something. It may merely transcend morals and common sense, like Nietzsche and his disciples, or it may be prompted by a more or less dim Hegelian tendency and hanker for exalted synthesis. The German eye of Lord Haldane is in the latter class. So when he recently discoursed of "The Meaning of Truth in History" before the University of London he informed his hearers that history, properly so called, is more than an art because it is a science, and more than a science because it is an art, and that when the record of the past is presented by both those achievements of the human mind in the medium supplied by genius you have history proper. Perhaps the most interesting observation in the Lord Chancellor's lecture is the following:—"Speaking with some knowledge . . . of the public life of this country, my experience has impressed me with a strong feeling that to try to reconstruct the story from State papers or newspaper accounts or letters or biographical sources would be at present, and must for some time remain, a hopeless attempt."

Certainly no historian could "reconstruct" much veracious history from the first White Paper lately presented to Parliament by Lord Haldane and his colleagues as a sufficient account of the naval and military preparations for giving effect to "precautions" in Ulster, though the second White Paper on the subject was more illuminating. And, as Lord Haldane knows, even the official record of Parliamentary proceedings in "Hansard" may serve to convey a misleading impression.

Shorter Reviews

Les Emprunts de la Bible Hébraïque au Grec et au Latin. By MAURICE VERNES. (Ernest Leroux, Paris. 7 fr. 50.)

PROFESSOR MAURICE VERNES has devoted a life-time to the study of the connection between the Hebrew, Greek and Latin vocabularies, and he has stated his conclusions with considerable boldness. It was the habit of scholars under an older dispensation to assign an Oriental origin even to the most Western-looking words they found, for instance, in the Hebrew Bible. Professor Vernes takes the opposite view and maintains that not only these obvious words, but hundreds of others had a definite Greek, or occasionally Roman, pedigree. A detailed catalogue of these words follows. Reasons are given for assigning late dates for most of the books in the Canon, and for assuming contact of all the stages between the Jews and the Western world. Professor Vernes is always remarkably candid, and often convincing. It is difficult to understand why the Jews should have had to borrow a word for "mountain," or why "our expert in religion" should have gone to the Greeks for words describing the phenomena of sacrifice. A word often used for gold does look remarkably like χρυσός, but—we quote M. Vernes—"que penserait-on d'un auteur français qui écrirait par exemple: une bonne conscience vaut mieux que beaucoup d'argent et que beaucoup de gold?" And we do not understand the explanation given of the matter. The identification of "cherub" with "gryphon" is entertaining and well worked out.

The Modern Chesterfield. Edited by MAX RITTENBERG. (Hurst and Blackett. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE real Chesterfield was, like Dr. Johnson, *sui generis*, and it is not easy to conceive a modern imitation. But the author has, in this case, gone as near as could be expected to reproduce the spirit of the original. The keynote is not a difficult one to strike. Any reader of the classics will recall the excellent advice Horace mentions having received from his worthy father: and it is natural that a self-made father should take to "importing counsel and an occasional grilling" (to quote the title) to the son whom he desires to see successful in life. Is there any father who has not given such advice—if he has been permitted to give it—and seen it rejected? The amusing feature of this little book is its unabashed worldliness, cynicism, want of high principle.

Success in life is the main object, the "quocunque modo rem" of which Horace wrote. Success might have been sought in business, or the Army, or some other profession; the editor has chosen to lay his story in a journalistic career. It may be hoped that there are not many Sir Benjamin Budgens in that line. The principles declared surely represent an exaggerated view, a skit indeed, of modern cheap journalism; and

it is not unsatisfactory to read of Budgen being beaten at his own game, though his pluck and resource are undeniable. It is tempting to cull some of his epigrams and clever passages. "I believe in women in business. They're cheap, and they keep men cheap. That's why I give space to the Woman Suffrage movement in our pages—it brings them on the market. It'll be a bad day for business when the suffrage scream dies out." "Consistency doesn't matter a dam. Consistency is the virtue of the bore, the proser, and the rut-sticker. . . . There's no valid objection to changing one's views, provided one has a good excuse pat. Remember this: the world demands excuses good." "Honest men are never dangerous"; and the words to the daughter-in-law designate, "Honeymoon sweetness melts away, but the sweetness of success stays with one to the end." But it is hardly fair to pick out too many plums. This book is far more entertaining in its own style than many a more pretentious volume.

The German Lyric. By JOHN LEES, M.A. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 4s. 6d. net.)

DR. LEES has produced an exceedingly useful little handbook to the study of the German lyric. Unassuming as it is, it will, we trust, do something towards a better appreciation not so much of the giants of German literature, but of the less known poets of the Fatherland. Most of us know, or profess to know, the lyrical compositions of Goethe, Schiller, Heine, but we suspect that amongst the reading public of this country the names of the majority of the poets of whom the author speaks are names and nothing more. This is not as it should be, for German literature is extraordinarily rich in lyrics of the highest possible quality. Were it not for the ever-present tendency to indulge in "gush" many of the gems with which we are familiar would be flawless. Dr. Lees has aimed at a complete survey of the subject extending from the days of the Minnesängers to the present day. His chapter upon the rise of lyric poetry is especially good. We are inclined to think that his somewhat cramped space is too valuable to be occupied by certain names which it were invidious to mention. They might well give way to a slightly fuller treatment of the great classics, a study of which should, after all, form the groundwork of our reading.

Babylonian-Assyrian Birth-Omens and their Cultural Significance. By MORRIS JASTROW, JUN. (Töpelmann, Griesen. M. 3.20.)

PROFESSOR JASTROW, who has written an important work on the religion of Babylon and Assyria, has here given us an interesting dissertation on Birth-Omens. Every great religious invention of early Europe came from Assyria or from some part of that corner of Asia that included Assyria, and Professor Jastrow is no doubt right in ascribing the European arts of divination to that source. His classification of divining methods

gives us Hepatoscopy, Astrology, and Birth-omens. Each of these had a long life, and, if Hepatoscopy eventually generated Anatomy and Astrology Astrology, "the resemblance between man and animals"—which was a principle of the lore of birth-omens—"became the basis for the study of Human Physiognomy." Its path to that end has been stained at times with blood and cruelty. The Latin word "monstrum" shows that the Romans regarded any fancied resemblance between the young of various species as a "sign" sent by a divinity; in mediæval times this belief was echoed in witch-burning. The "case-law" of birth-omens is amusing reading; the texts found in Ashurbanapal's library give us constructions for all sorts of impossible phenomena. "Twins being regarded as significant . . . the priests provided for cases when up to eight and more infants were born at one time." It gave a mathematical verisimilitude to their conclusions.

Round the World in a Motor Car. By J. J. MANN.
Illustrated. (George Bell and Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE author of this book is either possessed of a very keen sense of humour or absolutely deficient in that quality. The frontispiece to the work is labelled "Sydney," and gives a view of a man seated in a motor-car, with, in the background, something that might be Harrow, or Balham, or anything—perhaps it might even be Sydney—but the quantity shown is not sufficient to enable even an expert to judge. It is a good view of the car, and the offence is repeated later in the book in connection with a lake—there is too much car in the illustrations, far too much. Except for this, they are quite good photographs.

As for the letterpress, when it has been remarked that there are 238 pages of well-spaced type, it will be understood that the view of the world is necessarily rather sketchy. One must read the author's impressions of the Sphinx, and of the Taj Mahal, in order to get his view of the world's wonders. The one is a query as to the sex of the object, and the other is mainly a description of the way to take a photograph of a screen. As a matter of fact, the attitude of the frontispiece holds good throughout the book; lacking the art of description, the author gives us himself rather than the world, and his scrappy, detached way of writing makes it difficult to get any idea of the things he saw.

So much against him; but for him, it must be said that he owns his own inability to grasp the problems of outland life. He has a good word to say on the caste system of India, for example, and another sentence or two worth remembering about the way in which Mohammedans practise their religion and make it a part of the day, instead of something to remember at odd times. But then he dismisses Canada in five pages, and jumps through New Zealand with a mere glance at it. On the whole, we find our knowledge of the world very little improved by a perusal of these pages, and would advise a shorter distance, observed with greater care, if ever there should be a "next time."

Fiction

Baba and the Black Sheep. By E. W. SAVI. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

"BABA" was Jean Farley, who lived alone, as far as white folk were concerned, in charge of a plantation on the Ganges bank, after the death of her father, and inspired love in the heart of John Strong, the magistrate of the district. Across the river from Jean's plantation dwelt in solitude one Max Harding, heir to an English title, but so impressed with a sense of the wild cats he had sown that he preferred to let a report of his own death pass for truth, while he buried himself alive in Indian solitudes. Certainly his wild oats had involved a term of imprisonment, but we think him a little too harsh on himself, all the same.

Now, although John and Max were old chums, and although John and Jean were exceedingly intimate, Max and Jean had never met until Max, with almost impossible bravery, saved Jean from drowning in the Ganges. Then the trouble began, and a misunderstanding on Jean's part about a little half-caste boy complicated matters; meanwhile, John refused to realise that he was out of the running, although he stood by his friend with great and praiseworthy loyalty, to be rewarded in the end with what strikes us as second-best."

Apart from the mere story, the book is intensely interesting as a study of native Indian life; the quarrelling women may be cited as an example of native customs depicted here. When interrupted in their wrangling, these women invert a basket before they go about other business, to signify that the dispute is not ended, but is merely covered up, to be resumed as soon as opportunity permits. This, however, is but one in a hundred points of interest; we think, though, that the author has interlarded his English too thickly with native words and phrases, and has trusted too little to the intelligence of his readers in the mass of footnote translations, provided even for such common expressions as *dak-bungalow* and *darzi*. These are small points for criticism in a book of such quality as this, and in making the criticism we own the book as an exceptionally good one.

The Adventures of Mr. Wellaby Johnson. By OLIVER BOOTH. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Ltd. 1s. net.)

HERE is a good companion for a railway journey—a commercial traveller by instinct, a man of Yankee originality in his methods, endowed with boundless conceit—with some small reason for it—and a thoroughly commercial brain. The book concerns his escapades, successes and failures, on various trips that he undertook in the interests of sundry firms, and the orders that he booked—from ginger-beer advertisements to drapery side-lines—form a groundwork for some very funny incidents. Lightly and interestingly written, we recommend it as a collection of smiles interspersed with not a few good laughs.

The Death of a Nobody. By JULES ROMAIN. Translated by D. MacCarthy and S. Waterlow. (Howard Latimer. 4s. 6d. net.)

SELDOM has the dictum, "Art for Art's sake," been better exemplified than in this short sketch; Wilde would have gone into raptures over the book, probably, and it may be that the decadents will see in it a work of art—which it is—and a book of note—which it is not. The "nobody" was one Jacques Godard, a retired engine-driver of the Northern Railway of France; he died in the first chapter of the book, and the remaining hundred-odd pages are taken up by minutiae of the effects produced on various persons by his death. The *concierge*, the neighbours, the father and mother of the dead man, the inhabitants of his native village, are all made to yield up their inmost thoughts, and very commonplace are those thoughts. Here and there are paragraphs and phrases that stand out from the rest of the work like gems in clay; the decomposition of the corpse—for the author hesitates at no detail—gives rise to one brilliant sentence—"The dead body was crumbling into innumerable lives." In its large, spiritual sense (granting the paradox) the thought ennobles the ignoble book.

For the book *is* ignoble: one is forced, at the end, to a dreary conviction of the utter uselessness of such work; nobody will be better or happier for having read such a study, and only the morbid few will be entertained by so grey and depressing a story. We grant the art that lies behind, the technique of the thing; we admit, as the translators claim, a post-impressionistic effect; we feel that if Rodin cut statues in ice and stood them in the sun he would be accomplishing practically the same class of work as is presented here.

Quick Action. By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. Illustrated. (D. Appleton and Co. 6s.)

A SET of short stories, told by a crystal-gazer to a circle of admiring youths, forms the matter for this latest Chambers volume. The object is to illustrate the way of a man with a maid, and the possibilities of love at first sight, and in perusing the stories we admit not only the possibility, but the probability of the occurrence. In each case, however, the heroine is exceptionally beautiful, and the hero represents the highest type of manly perfection, so the characters can scarcely be considered representative of common humanity—these are distinctly Chambers creations, to such an extent that we seem to recognise the same pair of actors throughout, albeit their names and rôles are changed, while the setting is varied in each scene to an extent which redeems the stories from the charge of monotony.

But, then, a book by this author is never monotonous, for he has perfected the art of telling a story by means of conversations to a very great extent; even in these short stories he brings his characters into close contact with his readers. The book should be a very acceptable one, and we trust that it will make the author some new friends in addition to pleasing those who already know his work.

The Marriage Tie. By WILKINSON SHERREN. (Grant Richards, Ltd. 6s.)

THE trouble with the problem novel, as a rule, is that the problem becomes so great as to obscure the novel, and that is what has happened in this case. The hero of the story, David Tellson, fell in love with a girl born out of wedlock—an honourable, fine-souled girl. Being possessed of the reforming temperament, David immediately espoused the cause of the ignobly born, and contested a Parliamentary division on the question of the social status of these children. He lost the fight, of course, and we cannot see that his was to any extent a glorious failure; he married his girl, and at the very end of the story persuaded his dour Puritanical father to acknowledge her. We conclude that the Tellson family was happy ever after, as far as mere mortals can attain to that state.

David was one extremist, his father another; there is much to be said for David's views, for the author is so evidently and thoroughly in sympathy with his hero that he puts the cause in the best possible light. He works in a certain amount of suffrage business, though to his credit be it said that the wild women are not given a large advertisement; he makes his characters vehicles for his views and theories to an extent that robs them of human interest, and thus defeats his own ends. For, when a man is out to tell a thrilling story or to illustrate a principle, the first necessity in his work of fiction is that it should grip the reader; and with all regard to the author of this book for the gravity of his problem and his sincerity in tackling it, we assert that his work lacks just that quality of gripping interest which would have made the book a power for good in the field it is intended to cover. Between the main problem, that of industrial unrest, and a few minor "views" as expressed by various characters, the people of the book have but a small chance to live interestingly.

Rebellion. By JOSEPH M. PATTERSON. (Holden and Hardingham. 6s.)

CERTAIN intricacies of American dialect render the opening chapters of this book difficult for an English reader, but, once the human interest of the story is fairly started, there is sufficient strength in the work to carry one to its last page without pause. Georgia Connor, the heroine, was a Catholic, and "Catholicism is different from all other creeds. It is not just something you think and argue about, but it has you—you belong to it; it is as much a part of you as your blood and bones." Yet Georgia's husband was an habitual drunkard, and after he had revolted her beyond the possibility of her living with him any more, she fell in love with Mason Stevens, a man of as clean life as herself. The aggressive Americanism of the book will probably injure its success among English readers, and in that is matter for regret; for the author has done clean, powerful work, and for the sake of its interest and value the book deserves a large public.

Music

A POLLO has not deserted his worshippers in London. Last week gave us the Whitsuntide holidays, when most of the richer patrons of opera-houses may be supposed to be at their country seats, yet were we privileged to hear four such operas as "The Magic Flute," "Otello," "Boris Godounov," and "Ivan the Terrible." What a feast of good and rare things! For Mozart's masterpiece, except for an occasional performance in English, has been "shelved" for many years; "Otello" has never been in the regular repertory, while London made acquaintance with the Russian opera only last year. Well do we remember the sensation they made, reminding us of bygone thrills when we sat enraptured at the old Her Majesty's Theatre, listening to Titiens, and Nilsson, and Mme. di Murzka, and Santley in "The Magic Flute" (in those uncultivated days all the world loved, and wondered at, this opera); of the excitement of an early performance of "Otello" at the Scala, with Tamaquo. We remember, also, how the gossips said, last year, that the cost of the Russian opera had been too great even for Sir Joseph Beecham, and we must not expect to enjoy it again at Drury Lane. Yet here again is the incomparable Chaliapine, here is that marvellous chorus, here is M. Emil Cooper, the conductor, here are Mmes. Petrenko and Brian, MM. Andreev and Belianin, and they are to give us "Prince Igor" as well as several performances of the three operas of last year. Sir Joseph—oh, admirable Sir Joseph!—adds "The Magic Flute"; and Covent Garden—admirable Covent Garden!—has given "Otello," and promises "Falstaff." We are a lucky people indeed.

Last year we all lost our heads a little over Chaliapine and the Russian operas—at least, some of us thought we must have lost them. This year one hears it said that the music of "Boris" and "Ivan" is not so very wonderful after all, that the scenes in which Chaliapine does not appear are even dull, and that without him the operas would have no permanent success here, first rate as is the work done in them by the other artists. With these judgments we ourselves are not in agreement at all. The music of "Boris" is still to us a triumph of truthful expression in music. Not a page of it wearies us. We would not have Chaliapine on the stage more constantly. What he does and is when he is there is enough. If we have a complaint, it is that his acting absorbs our attention to so great an extent that sometimes we are not sufficiently alive to the equal marvel of his singing. When we give our whole mind to his singing, a few bars are enough to convince us that he is not greater as actor than as singer. His song is speech, and the speech of the greatest actor we have known; his art as a singer is as truly wonderful as is his action at those moments when he has nothing to say. Everyone who has observed him closely at those moments will know that we cannot give higher praise to his singing. We are anxious to make this clear, since the tame critics who now are finding fault

with the music of Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff are murmuring that Chaliapine is not equally supreme as vocalist and actor. We think they are wrong. The criticism of a blind musician would be interesting on this point. We believe it would confirm our view.

When people ask us which we prefer, "Boris" or "Ivan," we can but reply that we are happy with either. Moussorgsky's music impresses us more as the utterance of a composer of genius, Rimsky-Korsakoff's as that of a consummate master of operatic craft. But how vivid is "Ivan"! It is hard to deny genius to the composer of such living strains. If a choice must be made, we are inclined to think that Chaliapine's performance as "Ivan" transcends even that of "Boris." Then, too, the chorus in "Ivan" is such a perpetual joy. We are not at all insensible to the fine work done by other members of the Russian company, and must offer a warm word of welcome to M. Altchewsky, who has not sung here for several years, and whose performance as "Toucha" is remarkably able. But after Chaliapine it is the chorus which most excites our admiration. It is even better than it was last year. That Sir Joseph Beecham's season has "caught on" could unhappily be too well understood at the performance last week of "Boris." During the intervals it was forced upon our notice that of all those in the adjacent seats not one appeared to have come for the sake of the music or the performers. The buzz of conversation was made up solely of inquiries as to the identity of important personages who might be seen in the boxes! Not one allusion did we overhear as to the merits of music or performers! Our neighbours were there because "it was the right thing."

The success of "Otello" with its audience was so great that we indulge the hope that the directors of Covent Garden may think it wise to present the opera more frequently in the future. In many respects the performance was very fine. But we were forcibly reminded of old Dr. Johnson's criticism of the play when Boswell said that it had not a moral: "In the first place, sir, we learn from Othello not to make an unequal match, and, in the second, we learn not to yield too readily to suspicion." The match between M. Franz as Othello and Mme. Melba as Desdemona was a very unequal mating. The French tenor acted and sang with extraordinary force, lived in the part even vehemently. Mme. Melba phrased perfectly, and moved about with perfect propriety, but uttered the heart-rending sentences without the slightest trace of suffering or wrong. With all respect to the great vocalist, for Mme. Melba is indisputably a great vocalist, we must say that the opera would have seemed much more perfectly done had the Desdemona been played by a singer who, though she might not possess the half of Mme. Melba's gift of pure vocalism, would have better matched the emotional power of M. Franz. The feeling put into the words "Son mesta tanto" was the measure of the feeling with which all the rest was sung, and they were uttered with the polite indifference which would have been appropriate had Desdemona been asking for a cup of tea. But we trust that the

authorities will learn from "Otello" not to "yield too readily to suspicion," suspicion that people will not come to hear Verdi's opera if they announce it. With such singers as MM. Franz and Scotti and the other artists who did so well, and with an orchestra playing so brilliantly under Signor Polacco, the opera should be a certain "draw," and there could be little difficulty in finding a perfectly competent Desdemona.

As to "The Magic Flute," an opera before the music of which all composers of opera, whether Russian or Italian, yes, and great Wagner, too, must bow their heads, its performance at Drury Lane under Mr. Thomas Beecham was so great a treat that we would like to look back upon it as something perfect, and say that we had no fault to find. But this would not be fair. In one respect it was perfect—namely, in the performance of Mme. Claire Dux as Pamina. With a clear recollection of the great singers of our youth, and of ladies of great merit who we have heard as Pamina at Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Paris, we declare that Mme. Dux is the unrivalled, the ideal Pamina. Her sweet singing was wholly worthy of Mozart's music, and what more can we say? But Mme. Hempel, fine artist as she is, was not altogether equal to the difficulty of the Queen of Night's arias, her voice not quite reaching to the high F, and some of the florid passages being a little smudged. She is said to have the reputation of being the best of existing Queens of Night, but that must be because there is no one entirely competent. Mme. Herzog, in her prime, was the finest we have heard since the day of Mme. di Murzka. Mr. Ranalow sang very well as Papageno, but he has much to learn as an actor; Herr Bohonen was unequal as Sarastro, and Herr Bechstein did not seem to grasp the significance of the part of Monostatos. Herr Kirchner was a very fair Tamino. But the ladies of the Queen of Night, whose work is of the finest importance, were sadly inferior; the three Genii were much better. Such artists as Miss Agnes Nicholls, Miss Carrie Tubb, and Mme. Edna Thornton might have been sought for the trio of ladies. It used to be made up of singers of the first rank, and rightly. Considering all the advantages possessed by the Drury Lane management, we think that their performance was not, for them, so creditable as was the Carl Rosa performance of "The Magic Flute" at the Coronet Theatre. But then, when all is said that could be said about the shortcomings of each of these, we admit that we enjoyed both of them enormously, and, if Sir Joseph Beecham were to repeat "The Magic Flute," and do it only half as well as he did last Saturday, we would spend our last half-crown in order to go and hear it every time.

Concerts have been numerous, but at one given by M. Cavilieri, at Queen's Hall, that gentleman showed himself to be an excellent orchestral conductor. He introduced some unfamiliar pieces, and he also brought forward a young lady, Miss Florence Macbeth, who has a most lovely voice, clear, sweet, delicious. She sang "Ah non credea" from the "Sonnambula," and her coloration was surprisingly accurate and effective.

The Real Way to Educate Good Citizens

IT is said that there are now very few towns in England without a Public Library. It may be said with equal, if not more, truth that there are very few villages or rural districts which possess such an opportunity for the reading of good literature. The learned miner, cultured agricultural labourer, or well-read mill-girl are not, however, unfamiliar figures in Yorkshire villages and hamlets, due very largely to the activities of the Yorkshire Village Library, a voluntarily supported, non-rate-aided institution, which is just entering upon its diamond jubilee year.

If a library is of value anywhere, surely it is in the villages where it has few rivals as a means of pleasure or of education, and is sure to justify itself by the extent to which it is patronised.

The organisation of which we are speaking, by means of its travelling library, not only helps villages which are without books of their own, but is also of service to districts which have what might perhaps be termed permanent libraries, the books of which have been read and re-read by the members until they have become stale and are left unused on the shelves, the funds at the disposal of local committees not being sufficient to enable them to provide many, if any, new books.

The only way in which such centres can enjoy the "ministry of new books" is by getting them on the plan adopted by the Yorkshire Village Library, which sends out each quarter a box of 50 books to each of the 200 village institutes, reading-rooms, clubs, libraries, etc., that pay the small subscription asked.

The late Prince Consort was a generous supporter of the Yorkshire Village Library in its early days, and in 1855 presented books to the value of several hundred pounds.

Queen Victoria was its patron for over forty years, up to the time of her death, and in July, 1867, personally selected and sent to the library nearly three hundred volumes, again in 1877 showing her practical interest in the work by another donation of 270 books. In 1887, when the jubilee of the Yorkshire Union of Institutes—with which the Yorkshire Village Library is associated—coincided with that of her own, her Majesty displayed again the strong interest she felt in the organisation by sending a donation of £40 to the special appeal which was then made in its interest.

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra followed Queen Victoria as patron, and the Duke of Devonshire is now the president; while Earl Fitzwilliam much appreciates the educational value of the Yorkshire Union of Institutes and Village Libraries.

On Wednesday evening, June 17, Mr. Frederic Harrison will present at the Haymarket Theatre a new play in four acts by Mr. E. Temple-Thurston, in which Miss Alexandra Carlisle will make her first re-appearance in London since her return from America.

The Theatre

"The Cinema Star"

MR. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE'S latest elaborate and clever production does much more than deserve success; it makes certain of that desired result by its skilful plot, its excellent acting and singing, its gay music, its brilliant and inspiring *ensemble*.

Mr. Jack Hulbert has made the English version of the German success, "Kino Koenigin," and done it uncommonly well. Mr. Harry Graham, long since famous for his neat and witty verse, has written most of the lyrics, and the omnipotent Mr. Jean Gilbert has supplied the lively three acts with light and sparkling music, written after the welcome fashion we are now well accustomed to greet with pleasure. Added to these are at least a dozen other causes of victory.

Mr. Lauri de Frece, for example, has a capital part, and shows us a high-spirited and untiring comedian and dancer from first to last as Mr. Clutterbuck, an eminent moralist, at the suggestion of his second wife, who works with remarkable lack of success for the destruction of cinema shows. His adventures are delightful, his humour fresh and charming, his energy on the first night indefatigable and warmly rewarded by the laughter of the enormous audience. His daughter, with plenty of amusing songs and the most delicious dance of the season, in company with Mr. Welchman as Victor, her lover, was made very light and graceful by Miss Cicely Courtneidge. We have never seen this lady to greater advantage.

A newcomer, Miss Dorothy Ward, described as "The Film Princess," set the pace for the rest of the excellent company, and made a very rapid and jolly business of the whole affair. Her voice, her manner, her appearance and style are all just right for this sort of light musical comedy, and found the fullest appreciation. Miss Fay Compton, too, was never better than in her character of a slightly Cockney and very beautiful sort of chorus-girl who is determined to have a good time.

The author of the English version, Mr. Hulbert, did not provide himself with a very effective part as Billy, the manager of the Film Company, but perhaps he was too busy seeing that all the others had bright dialogue and amusing business. Mr. Harry Welchman proved as good as heretofore in the part of the actor who is also the impassioned and sprightly lover of Phyllis; his admirable duets or songs with the attractive Shaftesbury chorus were always successful. Mr. H. V. Tollemache as Lord Clarence Wentworth gave a distinguished rendering of a young man of fashion who appeared to be scored off with cruel frequency, but he was always lively and accepted his little misfortunes with the true engaging lightness of comedy.

Mr. Lionel Rignold and Mr. George Hestor, as an old actor and his friend, did a great deal to keep the fun at fever heat; but all were good, and one would

have to make a catalogue of the long cast at the Shaftesbury and praise everybody fully to convey the merriment that clings about "The Cinema Star" like music round a shell. The plot is clear and excellent for this sort of gorgeously mounted piece, but that you will discover for yourselves. The dresses are beautiful in colour and design, yet they are in no way allowed to overwhelm the human interest of the play.

All theatre-goers who love everything on the stage, from Shakespeare to the musical farces, will find a feast of fun and beauty in "The Cinema Star." The play will, we think, shine throughout many a lively night at the Shaftesbury Theatre and justly reward Mr. Courtneidge and his splendid company for the amount of skill and witchery they have crowded into the three brilliant acts.

"The Duke of Killicrankie"

CAPTAIN MARSHALL'S farcical romance, which was produced the other night at the Playhouse, had a tremendous success during its first avatar. We trust it will renew its youth like the eagles of Fortronald, for it is delightfully played.

Miss Marie Tempest now brings her accomplished and sophisticated art to bear upon the character of Lady Henrietta Addison, a lady who has shone in society for some seasons without crowning her victories with marriage—a serious matter to her mother, the Countess of Pangbourne, whom Miss Kate Serjeantson makes very important and effective. It is about ten years since "Killicrankie" was seen, so you will have forgotten the story or belong to the newer generation, and perhaps consider it a rather forced, but amusing, affair.

The duke, Mr. Graham Browne, is in love with the lively Lady Henrietta, but he fails quite to arrive in the matter. He seems to be the prey of a seeking and desiring vampire, but he abandons all the schemes on which he has embarked, either because of an exhausted will or of a disposition to discover the utter vanity of life. This inability to bring things to a climax is the lady's reproach. Accordingly he resolves to pursue tactics which will redeem this fault of character. He, or the author, as you will, quickly hatches a scheme to possess her. He decoys Lady Henrietta to his romantic castle in Scotland—Crag-o'-North. The ruse is now unwillingly furthered by the duke's friend and the lady the friend wants to marry, two persons played with utmost success by Miss Marie Illington and Mr. Weedon Grossmith. Henry Pitt-Webly, M.P., Mr. Weedon Grossmith, is a notorious fortune-hunter seeking to marry Mrs. Mullholland, Miss Illington, whose riches have been made out of a glue manufactory, a fact considered for some occult reason rather humorous. Mrs. Mullholland is extremely jealous of her reputation. She is made a victim of the plot, and is secured as chaperon to Lady Henrietta, and at the same time Webly, who is helping the duke, can pursue his plans to marry her. As the two ladies are society enemies, the second act furnishes a

good deal of acid conversation when they find themselves face to face at dinner at the castle. This is by far the most amusing, best written, and best acted scene of the play. It is marred a little, however, by the dialect of the servants—Scottish in intention, but Cockney and even Irish in result.

The gulf fixed by the curious views of society ten years ago between the two ladies disappears when they find they are both prisoners in the castle. At the end of the week Lady Henrietta believes that she really loves the curious duke, and Mrs. Mullholland is ready to marry Webby to save that important reputation of hers. And thus they depart from Crag-o'-North, not without regret, for in London they must face the music. The whole story has got into the newspapers, and we have plenty of sharp sayings about the ill-taste or shamelessness of the daily papers, and we are also given an amusing journalist with a camera, played very neatly by Mr. Norman Laring.

We were surprised to find how well Captain Marshall's little play stood the test of time, and how the spirited humour of many of the scenes had managed to keep a smack of wit throughout a whole decade. Of course, the part of the duke is purely of the theatre, and Mr. Browne wisely does not try to make it real; but Miss Tempest gives a thousand touches of character to the heroine of many seasons, and she wears such nice hats and dresses. We have not seen her look so well for many a long day as she did on the first night when she came alone on to the stage, in her white and black cloak, to receive the warm applause of her friends. We have already said that Miss Illington and Mr. Gros-smith cause their characters to live—their performances alone should make for the renewed success of this play of the day before yesterday.

"The Belle of Bond Street"

WE suppose there are a few people left old enough to have enjoyed the gaieties of "The Girl from Kay's," and still sufficiently young to appreciate the same play translated into American and transformed by a long residence in the States.

Our main recollections of the original musical farce were connected with the rich and lively humour of the late Mr. Willie Edouin and the singing of some charming ladies who have long since passed from musical comedy into severer paths of life. The present play at the Adelphi Theatre is almost new, and different in a hundred ways. One very marked change is in the character of that ultimate example of the newly rich, Max Hoggenheimer. Mr. Edouin's reading of the part was admirably adjusted to a decade ago, but the more blatant method of the well-known American comedian, Mr. Sam Bernard, fits better with the style of our own times. He almost overwhelms the play as it now stands, and he delights the audience intensely. To hear and see him is a liberal education as to the sort of person it would be natural to avoid in every phase of life—except the theatrical. In musical comedy he

is a constant source of fun and absurdity; of broad humour in regard to which he occasionally forces the pace just a little too much. As to the popularity of Mr. Bernard there can be no doubt; he is the most welcome of visitors.

The story of the play is, of course, of no importance, but everything is bright and gay, and many of the new songs and dances go with a dash and relish not too common on the English stage. Among the surprises of the evening, Miss Ina Claire is easily first. When "The Girl from Utah" was produced, we felt this lady lacked the gifts now necessary to make these light entertainments effective, but as Winnie Harborough, the Belle in question, she has developed many qualities causing the part to be as amusing and interesting as it is possible for such a heroine to be. The rest of the cast, which includes Miss Mabel Sealby, Mr. Percy Ames, and many other clever people, works with a will, and we should think the latest "Girl" is likely to be able to defy even the difficulties of a warm London summer—if we are going to be blessed with one.

EGAN MEW.

The Irish Players

THE Irish players opened their annual season at the Court Theatre with "The Playboy of the Western World" and "Kathleen ni Houlihan." Miss Sara Allgood filled the part of Kathleen with her usual beautiful interpretation. Both plays are by now very familiar—more familiar to the English audiences, we may say, than to the Irish—and were very well received, though we noticed the effect of world-wide popularity in a loss of freshness in the acting. That, however, was not so marked on Thursday, owing to the natural nervousness of a first-night performance. It has become the rule to choose London instead of Dublin for first productions, with questionable patriotism, and on this occasion it happened also that "The Supplanter" was the first play its author, Mr. J. Bernard McCarthy, has had produced. It necessarily bore the stamp of the 'prentice hand. It worked its way into many thrilling situations that were apt to fall flat, because Mr. McCarthy, when he had achieved them, scarcely knew what to do with them, and could not satisfactorily extract himself from them. A more grievous fault was that these situations became largely stipulations, because the characters, and the emotions that went to their compounding, were themselves stipulations in the first place. Yet, on the other hand, Mr. McCarthy has an excellent craftsmanship. His construction was well devised; indeed, he leant too much upon it, and made it punctilious and punctual often to the degree of artificiality.

"The Supplanter" and his supplanting must be taken for granted. It is not made real to us why Mrs. Keegan, a widow-woman with a farm that her son has made successful by ceaseless toil, should decide to marry John O'Connor, a man with an evil reputation

in the neighbourhood. He calls in the first act on the pretext of borrowing something; she goes out with him to find it, and returns towards the end of the act, having agreed to marry him. Such stipulations are often necessary in drama; but this particular instance, involving as it does an obvious repentance in the second act on the part of Mrs. Keegan, alienates our sympathy at the start. We feel it should either have been made real to us or have been stated as a postulate in the play's original proposition.

Yet it is not Mrs. Keegan who is chiefly to suffer, bad lot though her husband turns out to be. For John O'Connor hates young Phil Keegan; and, apart from the perpetual mutual antagonism, Phil is continually distressed by seeing the farm, heavy as it is with his sweat and thought, pass into a state of ruin, and finally go into the market in order to provide O'Connor with the money for drink. He determines to emigrate, though as a patriotic Irishman he has always contended against emigration. Slowly, and with great difficulty, he is saving to this end, when O'Connor, whom he has flung to the ground for striking his mother, discovers his hoard. When he learns this, Phil goes out with a gun, and returns with murder on his hands. At this the play closes, very tamely indeed, despite the violent conclusion; for the return is in the nature of an anticlimax. When Phil went out with the gun we knew the end, and the play should either have concluded at this point, or have worked to a different and unexpected end. Indeed, since the play continues, the mind half expects some other finish, and so the close seems unreal.

It must be admitted that poor Phil is unfortunate in his affairs; for he has worked hard in the hope of marrying Ellie Cassidy, his cousin, who has always lived at the farm; but his friend, Pad Saunders, supplants him there. Mr. Fred O'Donovan gave reality and conviction to Phil, and Miss Eileen O'Doherty made a tragic figure as his mother. Miss Ann Copinger, whom we have not seen before with the Irish Players, was admirable as the gossip neighbour, the Widow Flynn. Mr. McCarthy, the author, is, we understand, a Cork postmaster, and thus belongs to what has been called the school of the "Cork realists." About "realism" we do not know. We refuse to believe that the beautiful is not the finally real thing about man. Yet Mr. McCarthy's play is good dramatic journalism, and we have no doubt that he already has better work ready.

D. F.

The Royal Society of Portrait Painters

THIS group of artists, most of whom are connected with other societies, gives us a very pleasant exhibition at the Grafton Gallery this year, showing that many very interesting and attractive people have sat to the sincere and accomplished portrait painters who flourish in our midst.

The most successful of the 165 examples is, we think,

Mr. Frederic Whiting's boldly treated, simple, and beautiful painting of "Eva," depicting a young girl in riding dress, standing against a broadly treated landscape. The handling of the paint is delightfully fresh and sincere, the composition satisfying and the portrait agreeable in every way, without affectation of any sort, but instinct with a spontaneity that belongs to all the best periods of modern art.

Among many other matters that interest us as we pass through these well-lighted, well-arranged galleries we note that Mr. Ellis Roberts shows an enormous improvement on his old and popular eighteenth century style of work. "The Countess of Clonmell" may not be a great picture, but it is an advance on some of the artist's previous portraits. Mr. Logsdail is not very happy in his "Daughters of Viscount Dalrymple," but Mr. Harold Speed is at his best in "Lieut. Edmond Antrobus," and the Hon. John Collier, like the famous Bourbons, displays the fact that he learns nothing and forgets nothing in his large pictures, such as the spick and span "Mrs. Lindsay" and other handsome ladies and gentlemen.

Mr. Orpen has a vivid and graceful portrait of "Miss Muriel Wilson," which catches and holds a light, bright mood of that accomplished lady with the apparent ease which denotes mastery and inspiration. There is a brilliant "Zächra" by Mr. John Lavery, and Mr. H. Harris Brown is well represented by a characteristic painting of "The Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery" and an admirable "Major G. FitzGerald Stannus"—atmospheric and suggestive, and obviously an excellent portrait. The same painter's "Christobal de Murrieta, Esq.," looks very determined to be artistic at all hazards, but the artist has cast over the portrait the charm of his method which carries with it just that touch of mystery so valuable even to the most handsome of sitters.

The gifted Mr. P. A. de Laszló has a sketch of the "Baroness Meyendorff" which is fresh and free, delicate in effect, bold in handling; and three other pictures, the weakest of which is the "Comtesse San Martino" and the strongest "Lady Ponsonby."

The clever actress, Miss Edyth Olive, is shown in a life-like and telling portrait by Mr. H. Chamen Lintott; and many other well-known people, such as "The Late Duke of Argyll" by Mr. Young Hunter, the "Viscountess Falmouth" by Mr. Eves, and those lords of commerce, "Joseph Rowntree, Esq.," and "George Mathieson, Esq.," are full of character and admirably painted.

There are two pictures of ladies playing with babies, the first of which, by Mr. Spencer Watson, recalls at a considerable distance some faint echo of Orchardson's well-known painting of a mother with a bright-eyed baby—now an exhibitor in this gallery, we suppose—and a much more charming example by Miss Flora Lion. This last is one of the most effective compositions in the whole gallery; the result is bold and yet graceful, and fulfilled with the beauty and pathos of the subject.

There also are two works by Lady Scott, a marble

bust of Gustav Hamel and an excellent bronze of Mr. Asquith. We have made notes in regard to almost every other picture in the exhibition, for nearly all are of interest, but perhaps it will be enough to say that the sitters are fortunate in their painters and the artists inspired by their subjects in the present collection of the R.S.P.P.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN FRANCE

IN describing the international situation as it exists to-day it would be wrong to say that Europe is enjoying a period of tranquillity. It is true that no acute crisis darkens the horizon; but, nevertheless, the shadow of the vast armaments maintained by all the Powers casts its sinister gloom everywhere. Peace among the nations is only preserved at the bayonet point, and, in spite of the successful issue of various diplomatic negotiations, the feeling of suspense is not for a single moment relaxed. As a matter of fact, the settlements arrived at recently in regard to many international problems of magnitude are known to be merely of a makeshift character. Both in the Far East and in the Near East, questions dealt with in this patchwork manner are again forcing themselves into prominence, and compromise is once more being resorted to in order that the overwhelming calamity of a Europe in conflagration may be averted. The state of tension which exists manifests itself in many ways, not the least illuminating of which is the interest which one nation takes in the internal affairs of another, friendly to itself, with a view to determining whether or not the military strength essential for preserving the balance of power is being properly maintained. For example, not long ago the French Press, alarmed at developments in Ulster, took to lecturing England upon the necessity for political stability in these times of stress. Now it is the turn of the French to expose themselves to criticism on a similar score. It will be recalled that the answer of France to German military expansion was to increase the period of conscript service from two to three years. That measure was introduced by President Poincaré, when Premier, and it received both the consent of Parliament and the adhesion of the country. An extraordinary wave of patriotic enthusiasm then passed over France.

Russia also decided upon an elaborate scheme for increasing her army so as to give a total peace strength of 1,700,000 men, or approximately double that of Germany. It is a fact within common knowledge that, as a consequence of their alliance, certain definite military obligations exist between Russia and France. The recent political crisis in the latter country, centring, as it does, upon the continuance or otherwise of the three years' service, has caused considerable misgivings in Russia, and the Government has conveyed an official

intimation to the Quai d'Orsay that it will regard a reversion to the two years' system in a serious light. This remarkable development will help rather than hinder President Poincaré in his dilemma. At the same time it is impossible to discover any real grounds for the fears expressed on behalf of Russia, fears which, it may be added, are to some extent shared in England. France as a nation has made up her mind that no sacrifice is too great for the safeguarding of her frontiers. The President himself, though embarrassed, is not dismayed at the difficulties of the political situation. The stories that he contemplated resignation because of the deadlock merit little credence. He is not the sort of man to run away from his opponents. On the contrary, all his public utterances go to show that he is bent upon upholding and developing the military strength of France. Referring to the new generations that had grown up, knowing nothing of war, he said recently that history was there to teach them that countries which slumbered in apparent security awoke too often to humiliation or defeat. France, he continued, did not wish to be exposed to the subjection of foreign rule. She was resolutely pacific, but she intended to safeguard her independence, her rights, and her honour. For their defence she must have an army composed of heavy effectives and capable of rapid mobilisation. She must also have trained, instructed, and exercised troops.

This clear enunciation of presidential policy followed quickly upon the resignation of M. Dourmergue, who, rather than remain to profit from the Radical and Socialist victories at the polls, discreetly eliminated himself, thus evading the burning issue of the hour, military service. Although a majority existed in the Chamber in favour of a three years' term, the Unified Socialists and Unified Radicals, who were opposed to the measure, represented as a coalition the strongest body. M. Caillaux, the leader of the extreme Radicals and the evil genius of France, and M. Jaurès, the eminent Socialist, have exerted an extraordinary influence in the crisis. The personal hostility of ambitious party men towards the President has also been an awkward factor in the situation. Five politicians declined M. Poincaré's invitation to form a Cabinet. All attempts to find a basis of compromise such as would bring together the two wings of the Radical Party ended in failure. Radicals of the robust type of M. Léon Bourgeois and M. Clemenceau, who were in favour of the three years' service, refused to be put off with any concession to expediency. In short, they proved themselves patriots before politicians. Indeed, M. Clemenceau, in spite of his dislike for the President, has sunk all political differences and come out strongly on the side of France throughout the crisis.

That the hour will produce the man in M. Ribot now appears to be a foregone conclusion. The veteran statesman summoned to the Elysée has consented to form a Cabinet which it is already decided shall include such strong personalities as M. Delcassé and M. Léon Bourgeois. France, therefore, it seems, will have a Ministry which will make manifest to the world her

strength and solidarity at a time when Europe is almost trembling from the nervous strain of suppressed enmities. M. Ribot will be a commanding figure among the statesmen of his own time. He is the author of the Franco-Russian Alliance, and, needless to say, is in favour of the three years' Military Service Law. M. Delcassé, who will probably be the new Minister of Marine, was formerly Ambassador in St. Petersburg, and therefore knows well what Russia requires of her ally. Were any doubts to exist on this point, then M. Paléologue, the present representative of his country in Russia, is in Paris, prepared, so it is said, to resign should the term of three years' service be abandoned. But M. Ribot, whose return to power is described as "a reminder of the Parliamentary glory which attended the foundation of the Third Republic," is not likely to need any stimulus; for, in taking upon himself the task of forming a Ministry at the advanced age of seventy-two, and at a time when his health is none too good, it is clear that he is animated by motives of the purest patriotism. He is not an advanced Radical, but will doubtless attract from the followers of M. Caillaux many politicians none too sure of their ground, and he is certainly assured of a majority in the Chamber. Though a political opponent of the President, the two statesmen are at one on the supreme question of the hour, military service.

The first of the afternoon meetings of the Royal Meteorological Society for the present session was held on Wednesday, May 20, at 70, Victoria Street, Mr. C. J. P. Cave, M.A., president, in the chair. Mr. E. Gold discussed "The Reduction of Barometer Readings in Absolute Units, and a New Form of Barometer Card." Mr. A. Hampton Brown read a paper on "A Cuban Rain Record and Its Application," in which he dealt with the rainfall records of the Belen College Observatory, Havana, for the period 1859 to 1912. The author has endeavoured to trace the connection between the wet season at Havana during May to October, and the precipitation in England, South-West and South Wales during the three months, January to March, following, and has found that from 1878 onwards, when the first reports for this country are available, an excess rainfall in Havana was generally followed by a deficient rainfall in South-West England at the beginning of the next year, and vice versa. There were many years where the application failed, but the general continuance of the see-saw movement could hardly be regarded as merely coincidental.

ACROSTIC COMPETITION

The Literary Competition just concluded in THE ACADEMY has created such widespread interest that we purpose giving another competition to commence in our issue of June 27. We have arranged with an expert to prepare us a series of ACROSTICS on literary lines. They will be twelve in number, and will run from June 27 weekly.

MOTORING

IF anything were needed to prove that the big petroleum corporations possess what is practically a monopoly in the supply of motor spirit, and that in consequence of the absence of effective competition the motorist is paying far more than a reasonable and legitimate price for his fuel, it is to be found in the report for 1913 of the Shell Transport and Trading Company, Limited, which has just been issued. According to this report, the profits for the year mentioned amounted to no less than £1,581,200—an increase of £422,000 over those of the preceding year—and permitted of a dividend of 35 per cent. to the shareholders. In 1912 the dividend was 30 per cent., and in 1911 20 per cent. While it is impossible, from the business point of view, to blame the Shell, or any other trading company, for making as big a profit as it can from the sale of its commodities, it is obvious that such figures as the above would not be possible if the motorist were not paying an artificially inflated price for his fuel.

* * *

One of the most marked features of motoring development during the last year or so has been the extension of motor omnibus routes from London and the big provincial centres into the surrounding country. This movement has unquestionably been advantageous from some points of view—for example, in enabling the general public to enjoy to some extent the pleasures of motoring in the country at a minimum expense, and also in establishing in many quarters a competition with the railways which can only have the effect of stimulating the latter to provide cheaper and better facilities for travel. But this new departure has also resulted in the rapid deterioration of many roads which under previous traffic conditions had remained good for long periods, and, as *The Motor* points out, control of some form or other in the direction of adapting roads and traffic to each other is becoming an imperative necessity. Our contemporary naturally looks at the problem principally from the motorist's point of view, dwelling upon the discomfort caused to the motorist by being compelled to travel on narrow roads in the dusty wake of a motor-bus or van for a considerable distance, and there is no doubt that this is an increasing nuisance. But the general and rapid road destruction which is accompanying the extension of heavy motor traffic into the country is an even more serious matter to the community, and the authorities should certainly take steps of some sort to find a remedy.

* * *

Road-racing has always been popular in Russia, and the contest for the Russian Grand Prix, which took place on the 31st ult., aroused great interest throughout the dominions of the Great White Czar. The length of the course is 450 miles, and the road has such a singularly uneven surface in parts that the ordinary English traveller would probably regard it as quite unpracticable for motoring at all. A big Benz, with an engine of 150 h.p.,

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COMFORT AND SPEED.

"With reference to the 25 h.p. Vauxhall, it gives me great pleasure in stating how pleased I am with the car. Although fitted with a Sutherland cabriolet body it takes the hills in this neighbourhood with the greatest ease, mostly on top speed. The car is very fast . . . As regards the springing it is the most comfortable car I have ever been in."

Letter No. T.F. 398.

secured first prize, the second position being obtained by a Prince Henry Vauxhall—a standard sporting model identical with those which accomplished such noteworthy performances at Brooklands last year. The special first prize for regularity of running, presented by the Russian Imperial Automobile Club, was also secured by the Vauxhall. Considering that this car has only about a quarter of the cylinder capacity of the Benz, Great Britain has every reason to be proud of the performance of its representative.

* * *

An International Map Exhibition, organised by the Automobile Association and Motor Union and the League Internationale des Touristes, has recently been opened at the Anglo-Spanish Exhibition at Earl's Court, and will remain open until the end of the summer season. It claims to be the most complete and representative collection of maps ever gathered together, and motorists especially will find it interesting to note the various and ingenious methods adopted by the British and Continental cartographers to convey to them the information they need when on tour. The exhibition is in the "Section Tourism" in the Ducal Hall, and members of the A.A. and M.U. will find a special enclosure reserved for their use as a rendezvous.

* * *

Several changes of importance have been made in the staff arrangements of Messrs. D. Napier and Son, Ltd., following the cessation of Mr. B. Johnson's connection

with the company. Mr. A. F. Sidgreaves, who has been associated with the Napier business for the past twelve years, has been appointed assistant manager to Mr. Vane, and Mr. A. Norriss, who has also been connected with the company for many years, is now the home sales manager, in succession to Mr. Johnson.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

WE have had a week of excitement. On Saturday morning Messrs. Chaplin, Milne, Grenfell and Co. and the Canadian Agency, an allied house, both closed their doors. These failures were expected, and would have passed off without notice had not Mr. Arthur Grenfell been so ill-advised as to publish a manifesto in the *Times* in which he tried to argue that he had not been speculating, and also talked about keeping the flag flying. This boastful interview was in the worst possible taste. The City has taken the failures with great equanimity; they have long been expected. The promotions in which the two houses were interested were seldom satisfactory.

That the Bank of France should have been called in to certify that the portfolio of the Société Générale was liquid has not created a good impression, for the certificate did not go far enough. Nevertheless, although it is possible that one of the second-rate banks in Paris is in serious difficulties, if not two, no one anticipates that the Crédit Lyonnais, the Comptoir d'Escompte, or the Société Générale will have any difficulty in meeting their engagements. Paris is in a bad way; it is choked up with securities that it cannot sell. But I again impress upon my readers the fact that the position in London is thoroughly sound. No doubt losses have been made. This, in these days of depreciation, cannot be avoided; but they are losses that can be easily met. Trade in Great Britain has been excellent for some years past, and the savings of the nation are enormous. Our banks are models of caution and their position is stronger than that of any other series of banks in the world. All of them hold from 25-30 per cent. of cash, and from 25-30 per cent. of gilt-edged securities which have been rigidly written down. Therefore, London need have no fear; there is no possible chance of any panic. In New York and in Berlin the position is equally good. Both capitals suffer from a very natural depression, for Berlin is closely allied with St. Petersburg and Russian trade generally, and has also lost severely through the Balkan war; but the German banks are sounder than they have been for many years past. We can safely say the same thing about the banking institutions of the United States; there has been no over-speculation, such as there has been in Canada, and the only thing that the States suffers from is a general *malaise*. We can sympathise with them, for we have a touch of the same.

The Canadian Government has offered us five million sterling 4 per cent. bonds at 98, a fine Trustee security. The Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway has offered us £2,300,000 6 per cent. two-year notes at 97½. The company is to be reconstructed and the repayment of these notes will form part of the reorganisation scheme. They

are a reasonable gamble. National Nut Butter proposes to make margarine on a new process. It is a sheer speculation. The Brazilian Warrant Company offered 7 per cent. preference at par. The company does a good business, but in view of the present state of Brazil the shares are on the speculative side. Anton Jurgen's, a well-known margarine factory, offers £700,000 6 per cent cumulative participating preference shares. The firm is quite sound, and the shares are a reasonable Industrial risk.

MONEY.—Money remains cheap. The Stock Exchange got all the loans it needed at from 3-3½ per cent. There is no likelihood of any stringency occurring in the Money market. The end of the month settlement in Berlin has all been arranged for. The Bank of England is getting what gold it needs, and 1914 is certain to be a year of cheap money, therefore it is perfectly safe to buy all gilt-edged securities, for they must rise in value.

FOREIGNERS.—The Foreign market has been strong. It is confidently stated that a new Brazilian loan will shortly be issued, and some of the newspapers have actually gone so far as to state the terms; but there is many a slip between the cup and the lip, and I cannot believe in the loan until I see it advertised. All Japanese stocks have been very steady. The general opinion of the City is that the present Japanese ministry is determined upon genuine economy. Negotiations still go on with regard to a new Chinese loan, but the amount has now been reduced to five millions. The Russian railway loan has been cut down to three millions.

HOME RAILS.—As the settlement approached it was seen that quite a large "bear" account existed in the Home Railway market. All the talk during the past week has been of large accounts being liquidated; but when the carry-over day came the boot was on the other leg—no stock came on the market for delivery, and the "bears" rushed to buy back. Districts jumped to 24½, and all the speculative securities with the exception of Little Chats and Dover A moved up. Income bonds remain dull. Great Westerns are a shade harder, but are still very much under-valued. Great Easterns look attractive at under 49. There has been some buying of North Eastern, which have hardened to 121. I again repeat my advice to buy all the best railway stocks.

YANKEES.—Americans have been much harder. The crop reports are all excellent. The latest news from Mexico is that Huerta will probably resign; if this occurs we may expect a sharp rise. The English speculator, however, is completely out of the market, and the Wall Street bankers are not encouraging the gambler. It is believed that the Inter-State Commerce Commission will consent to increased rates, and although I cannot see any boom in Americans, a rise is much more likely than a fall.

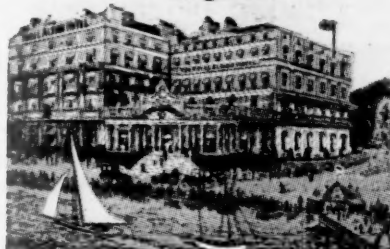
RUBBER.—Rubber shares have been very dull. Very few reports of any importance have made their appearance. The Batavia Plantation Investment, an admirably managed little Trust, once again pays 15 per cent. dividend. It holds a controlling interest in three Dutch companies, which are working at the low cost of 1s., and have made admirable contracts for the sale of their rubber. The shares look reasonably valued at 21s. 6d.

OIL.—The spectacular collapse in Spies completely stopped all speculation in the Oil market. It was due to the inability of a Russian speculator to meet his engagements on the Paris market and it synchronised with a sudden flow of water in one of the wells. I can find nothing sinister in the delay in announcing this catastrophe; it was due solely to the necessity of first informing the authorities at Grosny. I believe the Spies officials to be absolutely innocent of any intention to mislead the public. The Shell report was excellent; huge sums are again written off for

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depreciation; the dividend is raised to 35 per cent., and the cash and gilt-edged investments are shown to be over one-third of the total issued capital. No company could be in a stronger position. Together with Royal Dutch this combine probably controls the largest output of oil in the world. Maikop Pipeline report is not exciting. The profit is slightly down, but the directors very wisely utilise the whole of the earnings in depreciation.

MINES.—The Mining market has improved together with the rest of the Stock Exchange, the only exception being Copper shares, which remain dull. The American statistics are certainly not reassuring. It looks as though the fall in Kafirs had reached the bottom, and some of the best shares are certainly under-valued to-day. The Briseis report is reasonably good considering the present low price of tin, and the shares look cheap at 4s. 6d. Ouro Preto is to reconstruct. We are promised that if the shareholders will find more money considerably improved results will be shown. Certainly the report of the Engineers is encouraging.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Brazilian Traction report is, as the *Economist* wisely remarks, an impenetrable maze. What strikes a student of finance is the ridiculously small amount of cash compared with the huge capital of the various companies. The bonded debt is enormous, being over 50 per cent. in Rio Trams, 55 per cent. in Sao Paulo Electric and nearly 35 per cent. in Sao Paulo Trams. Profits are nothing like as good as we were promised, and if the 6 per cent. dividend is to be maintained, it is quite clear that they will have to increase largely. It is true that there are large reserves, but they are entirely on paper. British Electric Traction is another extremely disappointing report. The revenue has slightly increased, and $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is added to the dividend on the non-cumulative preference. But if the directors had written down their holdings to the market value, not even the full debenture interest could have been paid.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Beginning next week we hope to introduce a new feature in our City page. We ask those of our readers who are interested in investments to send us in questions regarding their securities, and we propose to devote a certain amount of space each week to replies under the head of "Answers to Correspondents." Every letter concerning investments must contain the name and address of the sender, but if this name or initial is not to be used in the paper a pseudonym must be given.

CORRESPONDENCE

JOTTINGS FOR THE WORDBOOKS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The following extracts may serve to augment a new edition of an existing, or the unpublished matter of a projected, Dictionary of the English Language. Thomas Godwyn, or Godwin, D.D. of Oxford, Headmaster of Abingdon School, in Berkshire, which is still at work, died in 1642. In his *Moses and Aaron*, London: 1625 (of which the 12th edition appeared in 1685) we find:

AMISSE-LED. p. 294. *A baptismation for the dead, 1 Cor. 15. 9 proper to some amisse led Christians. In the edition of 1667 it was printed "amisse-led."*

BAPTIZATION. 294. *A baptismation, or washing of the dead corps it selfe; 295. ; the first, drawne from their superstitious baptismation for the dead:*

BRIDEWIFE. 287. *: whence the wedding ring, giuen vnto the Bridewife, had this inscription or posie, Mazal tob;*

BRIDEWOMAN. 293. *Note in the last place, that among the Iewes the bridewoman also brought a dowerie to her husband;*

CORRUPTER. 122. *Concerning the sanctification of the Sabbath day it selfe, in corrupter times some things the Iewes added ouer and aboue that which God commanded.*

DENAIR. 326. *. . . , now that coine which was termed Zuz by the Hebrews, was answerable to the Roman denair,*

DENEYR. 287. *, whereby he endowed his spouse, if shee were a virgin, with two hundred deneys (that is, fifty shekels) and if she had beene married before, with an hundred deniers (that is twenty five shekels).*

FAVOURABLEST. 243. *The fauourablest exposition is to be giuen. (The Dictionary gives no instance before the year 1655.)*

FORE-ACQUAINTING. 284. *; or if it were by themselves, without the fore-acquainting of witnesses,*

HALF-WIFE. 121. *; other feast-dayes to concubines, or halfe-wiues; 281. The other sort of wiues, they call Pillagschim, Secondary wiues, or halfe-wiues; the English translates them Concubines,*

HEAVE-OFFERING. 268. *These two last are called Thermo, that is, heaue-offrings; this the heaue-offring of the threshing floore; the other, the heaue-offring of the dough, Numb. 15. 20.*

HEN-EGGE-SHEL. 320. *, all their measures were defined by a set number of hen egge shels of a midle size. In 1667 they printed it "Hen-eggs-shels."*

RUNDLE. 328. (of a coin) *On the reuerse side, the rundle was filled with this Hebrew.*

SHAKE-OFFERING. 268. *: and Leuit. 23. they are both called Thenuphoth, that is, shake-offerings.*

SPADLE. 65. *The first yeere they receiued . . . , a spadle with which they digged a conuenient place (The Dictionary quotes Spaddle, with the date of 1669; and Dr. Wrights Dictionary of the English Dialects records spadle in the sense of a spadeful.*

TUCK. 125. *Hence they held it vnlawfull, to roste an apple, to tucke an herbe, to climbe a tree, to kill or catch a flea.*

TUMBLE. 246. *one of the witnesses tumbled him by a stroke vpon the loynes;*

VOLUTATION. 297. *through which his body by a continuall volution and rolling, may be brought into the land of Canaan.*

WAVE-OFFERING. 268. *; both signifie shake-offrings, heaue-offrings, or waue-offrings,*

WAVE-LOAF. 269. *as was signified, both by this oblation, and likewise by that of the two waue loaves, Leuit. 23. 17.*

Noah. *Attempted from the German of Mr. Bodmer. Vol. II. London. 1770. contains the following:*

DEPICTIVE. p. 6. *, the beautiful works of Siph's daughters, whose depictive needles had form'd a lively representation of the sacred places in the mount. (The Dictionary quotes it from the year 1821.)*

SANATIVE. 145. *Far from the walk of science, he practis'd the sanative art, (The Dictionary quotes no specimen between 1822 and 1695.)*

SKY-TINCTURED. 195. (of Raphaels wings) *. . . ; the third pair sky-tinctur'd cover'd his legs, and graceful touched the floor.*

SUBLIMING. 15. *. . . , thro' what infinite works of unsearchable wisdom and power does the eye of contemplation range, subliming the soul with encreasing light! Who was the author of this translation?*

The Bioscope Explained. London: 1812. (The second edition, of 1814, is wrongly assigned to 1874 on the Catalog of the British Museum, which attributes it to Granville Penn.) provides:

AGEDNESS. 105. Wherever I turn, I see the proofs of my own agedness.

ASSAILMENT. 99. The religion of Christendom, was the great object of their assailment;

EXHAUSTURE. 152. When the graduated scale marks out to our view the terrible truth, of the exhausture of our stock of time. (The Dictionary leaves it at 1796.)

Fitz-Gwarine &c. By J. F. M. Dovaston, A.M. Shrewsbury, 1812: in a dedication on p. 259, has POET-FERNEAT.

THREE-SHEAR SHEEP and SHEAR-HOG SHEEP. The *Oxford Times* of May 8, 1914, reproduces the following from "Jackson's Oxford Journal," May 7, 1814: "A remarkably fat three-shear sheep was killed and shown by Messrs. Harris and Silman, at Burford Fair, on the 30th of April last, which weighed 12 score 9 lb., bred and fed by Mr. Large, of Broadwell, in this county, deemed by judges to be the greatest weight on the smallest bone ever exhibited. . . . On Saturday last William Collison was committed to our county gaol charged with stealing one shear-hog sheep, the property of Sarah Butler, of Elsfield."

IMPERIALITY. The *Observer* of May 24, 1914, on page 11, under the heading "Passages from the Sunday Papers of May 22, 1814," speaking of the mother of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, says: "This old lady is understood to have amassed a large fortune, during the few years of her dowager imperialism."

DIVERTISEMENT. The *Times* of May 28, 1914, quotes from its number of May 28, 1814, "King's Theatre. Mr. Vestris's Night. On Thursday, the 2d of June, 1814 . . . End of the first Act, a Spanish Divertisement," of which word the Dictionary gives no specimen between 1854 and 1719.

COMBATANCY. On p. 5 of the *Pall Mall Gazette* of June 3, 1914, "The ebullition of the national spirit must have been extraordinary to maintain all the activities of exploration, colonisation, commerce, and combatancy on the part of the relatively meagre population who obeyed the sceptre of Elizabeth."

TELEGRAM-POLES, instead of Telegraph-poles or posts, is an expression much used by Cornishmen.

In THE ACADEMY, No 2195, p. 702, col. 1, read "words, may seem to" and "libro le falta."

I remain, sir, yours, EDWARD S. DODGSON.
The Oxford Union Society; Oak-Apple Day, 1914.

THE WRONG SPIRIT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I read with regret the letter of Mr. Wallace in THE ACADEMY for May 2, which I regard as most ill-timed and objectionable. Mr. Wallace had no right or reason whatever to impute such motives to the American nation and Federal Executive as he plainly did. Moreover, it was in exceedingly bad taste to indulge in such a vein of ill-humour. How long, I wonder, will a certain class of Englishmen continue obsessed by unwarranted and nonsensical prejudices and delusions, which are apt to occasion international mischief and ill-feeling? For it does not seem to matter how absurd and unjustified such "obsessions," some newspaper will always be found to open its columns for their publication. At one period it is the Russian bugbear that haunts the British mind and renders a certain portion of the British public hysterical; at another, it is the "German scare." And yet all those "Russian" nightmares were speedily dispelled when the brave Japanese army faced and defeated Russian hosts, which were supposed to have been directed towards the Indian frontier, and whose Tsar and his Ministers were so bent on the invasion and absorption of British India! While, on the other hand, so far from Germany having

TO THE SECRETARIES OF LITERARY & DEBATING SOCIETIES.

A short time ago we published a note on Mr. Ballour's address before the English Association.

Every week, before some literary or debating society, papers are read by local ladies and gentlemen, if not by those of wider reputation, in which thought on affairs, on books, on art, a long way off the emfience of a Ballour.

Often we have been astonished when listening to papers and discussions in local societies by the excellent thoughts excellently expressed, which fall from the lips of men who are yet a long way off the emfience of a Ballour.

Why should these efforts go unnoticed outside the circles of the village or the town in which they originate?

We propose to allot some portion of the space of "The Academy" as often as may be necessary to a notice or a quotation from any of these papers whose intrinsic merits warrant either. This is an absolute novelty in London journalism, and can only prove the success we hope it will be if the Secretaries lend us their co-operation. If they will communicate with us we shall be happy to make arrangements with them which may be pleasing to them and to the authors of the papers or addresses, and we believe useful and interesting to our readers.

Sometimes we should be glad to publish a lengthy extract, sometimes a sentence or two, always an epigram or a paradox with which the local orator may elucidate or illumine a topic.

Letters to Editors from any corner of the country or the world which contain a point or convey information are always welcome: why should not a wider publicity be given to utterances which are none the less worthy of notice because they were prepared for the purely local audience?

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proved England's enemy, the German Emperor, at all events, conclusively proved England's friend during the South African imbroglio, when all Europe besides was pronounced in hostility of sentiment. Moreover, if Germany ever seriously intended war with England she would have assuredly declared it before this, during so weak and vacillating a Government as the present.

I have declared Mr. Wallace's assertions and insinuations to be unwarranted, and I will endeavour to prove it. In the first place, President Wilson is a man of conscience and veracity, as well as an ardent lover of peace. His whole life and conduct, his writings and his public addresses, bear witness to this. Moreover, he has distinctly declared that the United States Government has no wish whatever either to conquer or to annex Mexico; but desires only to see peace restored within that distracted country. He has had infinite patience, and has used every means to restore law and order in Mexico. So patient and forbearing has he been, indeed, as to have provoked the satire of "Jingoists" in America, as well as of foreign critics and diplomats. To be sure, he may have made mistakes; and his conduct in insisting only upon the removal of Huerta, and in taking temporary possession of Vera Cruz only upon the refusal of Huerta to "salute the flag," has no doubt rendered him justly liable to criticism and adverse comment. But "to err is human," and whatever President Wilson's faults of statesmanship may have been, he is generally and very properly recognised as a man of high honour and sincerity. Yet Mr. Wallace declares that it has all along been the plain intention of the United States to take Mexico, even though the American Government may not have directly thus committed itself. At all events, that is the substance of his assertions. I beg, therefore, to assure him that he is mistaken; that neither President Wilson nor the American Congress, nor yet the American people, desire anything of the kind. Indeed, so far from that, Mexico and the Mexican people are commonly regarded by Americans as utterly undesirable, either as an annexed and to be absorbed or as a conquered nation, and the "Mexican question" as an intolerable nuisance; and nothing short of absolute necessity will induce the President and Congress to so much as attempt to conquer or annex that wretched country. As it is, the question of race and colour, or of unrestrained immigration, is already assuming grave proportions in the United States, and is occasioning a great deal of anxiety. In effect, the United States does not want any more territory—much less territory where people are so semi-barbarous and undesirable as are the Mexicans.

"But," Mr. Wallace will no doubt interject, "do you pretend to say that no American 'adventurers' and no American 'prospectors' have done aught to provoke complications in Mexico, in order to further their ends?" To which assumed interjection or query I would reply: "No, I do not deny that unscrupulous men of that description may have thus plotted, for has it not ever been thus?" But I do not admit the general truth of Mr. Wallace's assertions in such regard; I simply declare that he was not justified in implying, to say nothing of asserting outright, that the United States, as a nation, had ever cherished "designs" on Mexico, or had sought by secret methods to entangle it. Has Mr. Wallace forgotten the example the United States set the whole civilised world by its treatment of Cuba? Yet, prior to the delivery of Cuba from the Spanish yoke, all Europe professed to be quite confident that America had all along intended to "gobble up" Cuba,

and that all American expressions of "humane intent" were but nonsense.

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
EDWIN RIDLEY.

Buffalo, U.S.A.

THE BASQUE LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—You have published in THE ACADEMY of the 30th ult. an interesting letter from Mr. E. S. Dodgson, respecting an old basque text recently discovered in Vizcaya. Allow me to present your readers some observations.

The basque sentence alluded to is written on a book of the XVIth century but is without any date, so that one cannot ascertain when it was written. The remarks of Mr. Dodgson are of course questionable. What he says about *custiai* would be right, did not *gustirequin* occur in the preceding lines.

"Echave's discursos" were reprinted in Madrid about forty years ago in facsimile by Don Mariano de Zabalburn.

Van Eys' edition of the 1896 proverbs is not so incorrect as Mr. Dodgson asserts, but this scholar is in the habit of undervaluing all work but his own.

As regards the so-called song of Lelo, one may suppose it has been discovered by your correspondent; it was first published by W. von Humboldt in the year 1817, and several times reprinted since then. In 1880, José Mainerola made a new edition of it carefully revised in his *Cancionero*. Lately, Don Julio de Urganjo reprinted it, with a photograph of the original text, in his much valuable *Revue Internationale des Etudes Basques*. Yours truly,

Paris, June 4.

PROF. JULIEN VINSON.

CONGRATULATIONS!

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—May I congratulate THE ACADEMY and its correspondent, Mr. E. Stone, on having found the author of the lines I sent you at the beginning of May? The reply shows the wide range of THE ACADEMY readers, and it shows also that Mr. Stone knows more than some of his literary compatriots. Two years ago I was in America, and made inquiries everywhere I went, but no one had ever heard the lines in question. I am sorry I do not know Oliver Herford's work. Mr. Stone might tell us in another letter more about him. Yours, etc.

CURIOUS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Through Western Madagascar.* By Walter D. Marcuse. (Hurst and Blackett. 7s. 6d. net.)
The Motor Routes of Germany. By H. J. Hecht. Illustrated. (A. and C. Black. 5s. net.)
Joseph Conrad. A Study by Richard Curle. With Portrait. (Kegan Paul and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)
The King of the Dark Chamber. By R. Tagore. (Macmillan and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

- Social Guide; Antiquary; Revue Critique; Revue Bleue; Wild Life; Land Union Journal.*